

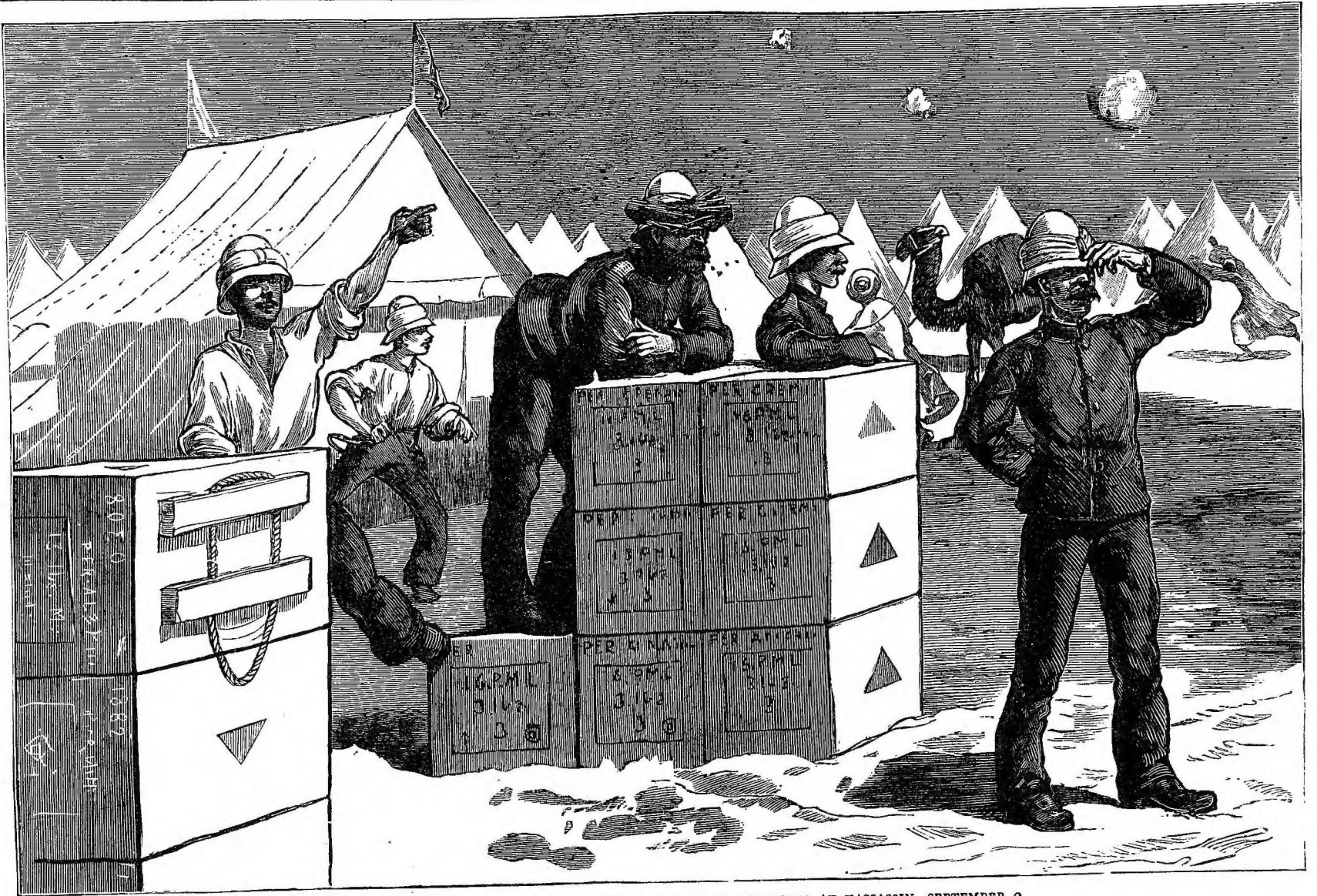
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

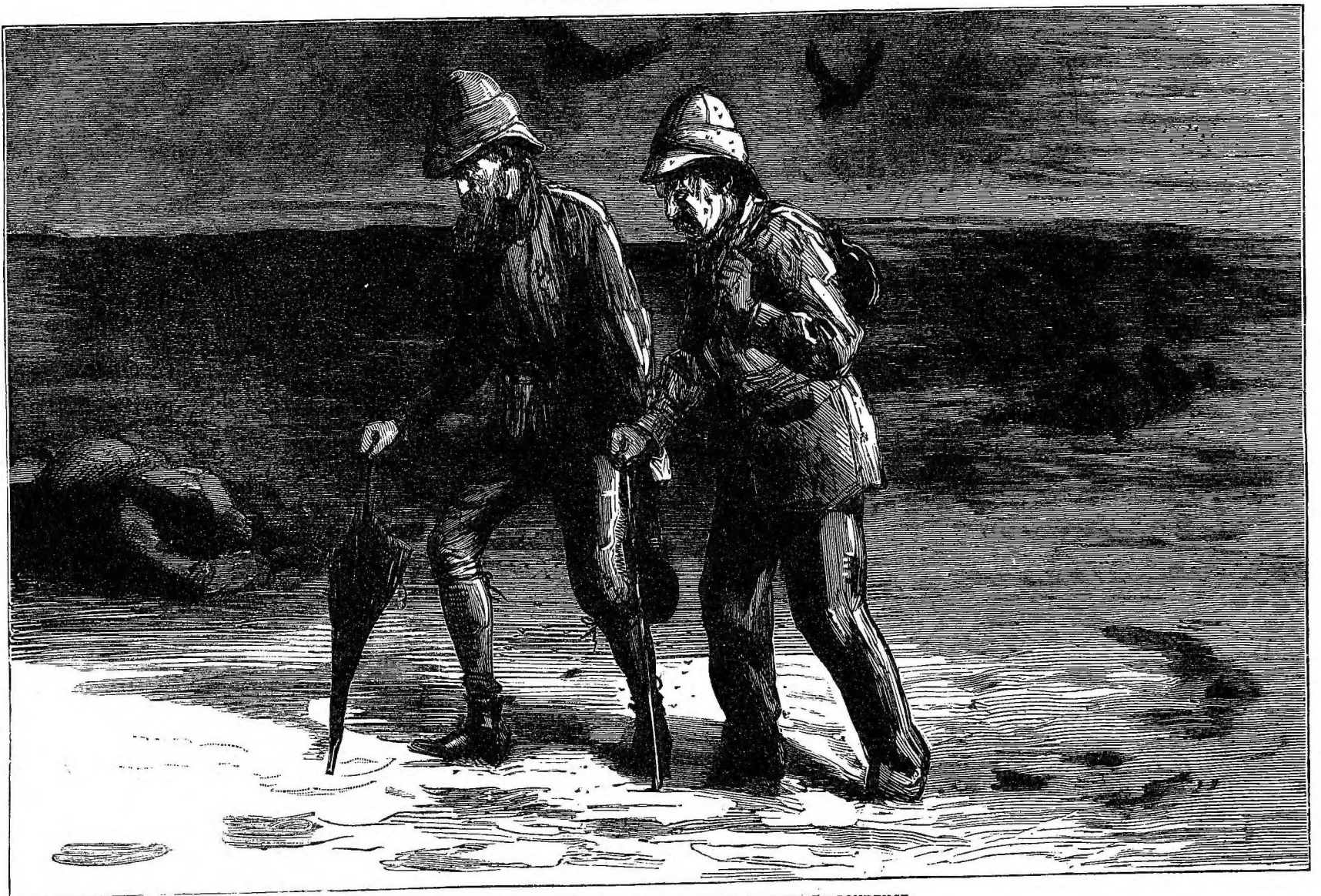
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882

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THE FIRST RIFLE VOLUNTEERS UNDER FIRE—THE POST OFFICE CORPS AT KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



FOLLOWING THE ARMY—THE DELIGHTS OF WAR CORRESPONDENCE  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson  
THE WAR IN EGYPT



## Topics of the Week

**THE KHÉDIVE AT HOME AGAIN.**—Oriental sovereigns are accustomed to sudden and dramatic changes of fortune, but few of them in any age have passed through a more surprising experience than the present Khédive. Little more than three months ago he left his capital, nominally in order to restore confidence to the terrified inhabitants of Alexandria, but really to escape from a great and imminent peril by which he himself was threatened. Everybody knew that his departure meant flight, and the homage he received as he passed from Cairo was cold and insincere. This week he has returned to the same city in triumph, and his fickle subjects have welcomed him with apparent enthusiasm, many of those who were plotting the other day against his rule crowding to his palace to offer their service. He understands, of course, the value of these manifestations of loyalty; and it is, unfortunately, too probable that if the English troops were immediately withdrawn, neither his throne nor his life would be secure. On this point it would be foolish to cherish any illusions. That the Egyptians are usually a quiet sort of people, more anxious to make money than to distinguish themselves in politics, seems to be true; but it cannot be supposed that so formidable a rebellion could have been organised unless there was deep and widespread dissatisfaction both with the Khédive and with the system he was supposed to represent. And it is inevitable that for some time to come the English should be at least as much disliked as the Prince whom they have so strenuously and so successfully supported. We have, however, good reason to hope that if no serious mistake be committed by those whose business it is to settle the Egyptian difficulty, the prejudices which are still so powerful beneath the surface will be ultimately overcome. The Khédive has some excellent qualities, both of intellect and character; and England has certainly no desire to establish in Egypt any institutions which would benefit herself at the expense of the native population. This will gradually become clear to the Egyptians, so that we and our friend Tewfik must sooner or later gain their confidence. He is still a very young man, and with moderate prudence on his part and ours he ought before reaching middle age to be one of the most popular rulers Egypt has ever had.

**EGYPT'S LOSSES BY THE WAR.**—It is fortunate for all parties that Arabi's resistance proved to be of such a hollow character. For ourselves—because a campaign conducted after the overflow of the Nile would almost certainly have induced serious mortality from sickness; for the much-enduring peasantry, because a prolongation of the revolt would have imperilled the harvesting of their crops. Rarely, if ever, has a war—if it is allowable to call it a war—fraught with such important ulterior consequences been fought out so briefly. On this occasion we did not commit our usual mistake of underrating the enemy's capacity; we put forth our full strength, and pluck and hard work, guided by skilful generalship, did the rest. The mischief wrought by the campaign, always excepting the mad burning and looting of Alexandria, which was the work of Arabi's adherents, is comparatively small. The fan-shaped Delta, which is the garden-ground of Lower Egypt, is hemmed in on each of its landward sides by desert, and, fortunately for the agriculturists, the battlefields were in this desert, and consequently, except in the neighbourhood of Alexandria and Kafr-Dowar, no interference with the water supply took place. That the Egyptian loss of men amounted to some 5,000, while our troops only lost about 300, and many of these from sickness, proves how unequally matched were the rival forces. Probably not one in a hundred of these poor Egyptians was a willing fighter; they were driven (not led) like sheep to the slaughter, and hence the ease with which they were dispersed. Altogether, then, in comparison with the resources of the country, the material losses inflicted on Egypt are slight. Still, there will be some heavy bills to pay. The damage done to Alexandria will be a serious item. But it is to be hoped that the claims will be very rigorously sifted, seeing that the European population of the Liverpool of the East is, with some honourable exceptions, distinguished rather for its voracity than its veracity. Then there is the British expedition and occupation. The European Concert is not likely to hand us a cheque for the amount. It would be rather hard if it is all to come out of the British taxpayer's pocket. Egypt certainly ought to pay something for Arabi's mad frolic, and as it will be effected by means of a loan, which will lessen the value of previous Egyptian borrowings, the cost will partly come out of the pockets of the bondholders, who are of all nationalities.

**FRENCH NOTIONS ABOUT EGYPT.**—Some of the best journals in France warn Frenchmen that the War in Egypt has altogether changed the conditions which regulate the relations of the Western world to that country; but this is by no means the prevailing tone of the French Press. Even the *Débats* affects to believe that nothing has been altered; and with the *Débats* agree all the newspapers controlled by M. Gambetta. We may safely say that there never was a more complete misunderstanding of the facts of an important situation. Egypt was given over to anarchy, and when the rest of the world held aloof England stepped

forward, resolved, at whatever cost, to restore order. It is almost self-evident that by her sacrifices she acquired a right to a more potent voice than any other nation in the final settlement of the Egyptian question; and Frenchmen must know that the right is not one which she will be readily induced to resign. They tell us that the Joint Control must of necessity be re-established, but it is hard to see wherein the necessity exists. Englishmen of all classes and parties place very great value on the maintenance of cordial relations with France. Anything like an offensive and defensive alliance, indeed, they do not wish; for it is perfectly well understood to what that would lead. But it is recognised on the northern as well as on the southern side of the Channel that both countries have benefited largely by the kind of friendship which has existed between them since the time of the Crimean War. Even friendship with France, however, may be purchased at too high a price; and to Englishmen it does not seem that the terms now demanded are reasonable. The Joint Control, although good for the bondholders, did not, on the whole, work well; and it would be a far more hazardous experiment now than formerly. It would offer innumerable opportunities for intrigue, and with the Controllers would return every evil against which the Egyptians violently, and not altogether unjustly, protested. Whatever may be the ultimate solution, it will certainly not be sought for in the direction indicated by the majority of French journals; and we do not believe that this will in the slightest degree injure permanently the good relations of France and England. Every genuine right of the French in Egypt will be respected, and they are too sensible a people to clamour much about any loss which is more apparent than real.

**PLAYING AT ROYALTY.**—Reading the account of the reception of the Vendean deputation at Frohsdorf, one is impressed with the unreality of the whole affair. The Comte de Chambord received his devotees from Western France in a most gracious and dignified manner—indeed, in these dull prosaic Republican days the whole scene is quite a refreshing study. Still, one feels that he was only making-believe that he was Henry V., and, moreover, that he himself was fully aware of the hollowness of the pretence. To speak the plain truth, His Majesty would rather receive these Royal honours at Frohsdorf than in France. He prefers the easy Royalty of exile—he dreads the responsibility of actual Kingship. In 1871 he had a splendid chance. In 1873 he had a still better chance. A man of the calibre of Leopold of Belgium would have accepted one or other of these opportunities, and might have been reigning now over a contented nation. It is much to be regretted that the services of a man so honourable and conscientious as is the Comte de Chambord should be rendered unavailable to France by the narrowness of his views. In power, he would apparently be more reactionary than Charles X. Modern Frenchmen would never submit to a chief holding such opinions, and therefore the strong probability is that the Comte de Chambord will die as he has lived—a monarch who has never reigned. But because he is an impossible choice, it does not follow that Monarchism is extinct in France. The Republic has never commanded genuine enthusiasm, and, moreover, many of its moderate supporters anticipate with horror the advent of a Jacobin era. Just as the dreaded "Red Spectre of 1852" ushered in the Second Empire, so the fear of Radicalism may hereafter enable some Monarchical pretender, who is more "a man of his epoch" than the Comte de Chambord, to leap into power.

**EGYPT AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS.**—Last week we expressed our belief that the difficulties of England in Egypt are being considerably exaggerated by many of her critics, and during the present week this conviction has been confirmed. French ideas about the Joint Control might, indeed, have been dangerous if they had been supported by any of the Powers; but fortunately for us they are regarded with approval nowhere except in France. Germany has of course no interest in upholding French claims; on the contrary, it has always been her wish, if possible, to hinder the growth of conditions which might lead to an effective Anglo-French Alliance. Prince Bismarck, therefore, while maintaining silence, has in no way hampered the development of English policy; and it is well known that he is prepared to exercise his vast influence in our favour. The effect of his action is seen in the tone of the most influential German newspapers, the majority of which now express ostentatious confidence in the wisdom and disinterestedness of Great Britain. Austria, of course, goes with Germany; and although this cannot be said of Italy, it is at least true that Italy does not go with France. She will probably dissent from any scheme we may propose; but she was hostile to the Joint Control from the beginning, and of all conceivable solutions that is the one which she would now most vigorously resist. Russia might, perhaps, be disposed to aid France, but she is held in check by the German Powers; and in any case she is more interested in questions affecting her own relations to South-Eastern Europe and to Central Asia than in suggestions intended primarily to benefit another State. Altogether, the chances seem to be that if England is moderate in her demands, and firm in upholding them, she has no reason to shrink from the task before her. The negotiations which are now impending she can enter upon with a good conscience, and there are many indications that they will result in advantages to herself, to the Egyptians, and to the whole civilised world.

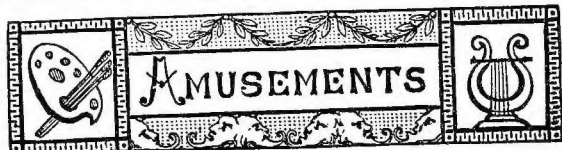
**THE SALVATIONISTS.**—Just as Sir Walter Scott, owing to the charm with which he invested the scenes of medieval life, is in some degree responsible for modern Ritualism: so the Salvation Army, and all the other armies, Blue Ribbon, Green Ribbon, and Yellow Ribbon, owe their peculiar form to the Volunteer movement of 1860, which has gradually brought militarism home to everybody's door. With regard to the Salvationists, it is still doubtful whether an organisation which made less outward fuss would not in the long-run serve the excellent aims of its supporters more effectively. No doubt the rough regards the Salvationist as his natural enemy because the latter preaches abstinence from indulgences in which the rough delights, but he does not assault or pelt him on this account, or he would also assault and pelt Wesleyans and Congregationalists, who hold much the same views on these matters. It is, as we have maintained before, the grotesque element which excites the animosity of the rough, and as he is usually a coward his zest for the amusement is heightened by his knowledge that the Salvationists are forbidden to retaliate. But, besides the roughs, there are a great many respectable, and, we may add, God-fearing people, who dislike the Salvationists and their ways. Some disapprove of them because of the free-and-easy irreverence with which they treat holy things; others simply because they regard them as a nuisance. No man, however good his ultimate aims, has a right to disturb people at dead of night by beating drums and blowing horns; no body of men can expect to be popular with quiet law-abiding people when their presence is everywhere a signal for riot. In India, where, as between Hindoo and Mussulman, the combustible elements are already formidable enough, the Salvationists' advance-guard has been locked up, and, if this event should spoil their campaign, it will not be a subject for regret. In this country, the Salvationists have been treated by the ruling authorities with almost undue consideration. Why should the police be distracted from their ordinary duties to guard Salvationist meetings and processions? According to "General" Booth, the Eagle was in former days a notorious resort, and a sink of iniquity, but it never needed so many constables to keep order before the Salvationists took it as it did last Thursday week. Besides, if it is wicked for the Salvationists to resist assaults, we question if it is right for them to summon the police to use their truncheons on the heads of the roughs.

**MR. FAWCETT.**—To most Englishmen it is pleasant, when they open their newspaper, to find that it contains a speech by Mr. Fawcett. There is an honest ring in everything he says, and he never indulges in those futile and childish partisan recriminations which are so dear to the ordinary politician. He is a good Liberal, loyal to his party; but every one can see that his aim in dealing with a subject is not to degrade his opponents and exalt his friends, but to arrive at truth. And, in discussing questions of public interest, he invariably endeavours—what is far too rare in these days—to investigate them from the point of view of great principles. Eloquent in the sense that Mr. Bright and Mr. Cowen are eloquent he certainly is not; but there is something very attractive in his plain, unimpassioned, yet earnest expositions of what he conceives to be well-established and enduring political doctrines. His speech at Hackney on Tuesday was an excellent specimen of his manner. As usual, he had a good report to give of the Post Office; and if Mr. Fawcett, in addition to his other beneficent achievements, could manage to secure greater regularity in the delivery of letters, especially in the suburbs of London, he would perhaps deserve to be considered the best Minister who has ever ruled at St. Martin's-le-Grand. About Egypt he had not much to say, but what he did advance was in accordance with the most enlightened opinion; and his remarks may, we hope, be taken as an indication that the Government, while resolved to maintain English interests, are equally resolved to maintain those of the Egyptians. The most effective part of Mr. Fawcett's speech, however, was that in which he argued against the proposal that the State should establish a body of peasant proprietors in Ireland by advancing the whole of the purchase money. To some persons this scheme commends itself because it would benefit the landlords, to others because it would satisfy the class who are now tenants; and we are likely to hear a good deal more of it by-and-by in Parliament. Mr. Fawcett has done genuine service by showing how it would tend to demoralise the Irish people, to involve the State in most serious complications, and to burden and harass the general body of taxpayers.

**NOTIFICATION OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES.**—Some people are apt to pooh-pooh the Social Science Congress, but there can be no doubt that such organisations exercise a powerful influence on public opinion. After all, what is called public opinion is really the opinion of a handful of experts acting upon the crude surmises and prejudices of a necessarily ignorant multitude. We say necessarily ignorant, because the field of knowledge nowadays is so vast, that few persons, beyond the margin of their own profession or peculiar hobby, possess much original accurate information. Take the subject which heads this paper. It is a very important one. It involves the question whether in the event of infectious disease the doctor or the household should not be compelled to give notice to the local health-officer; and whether further the patient or patients should not compulsorily be liable to removal to some public infirmary.



NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing SKETCHES by our SPECIAL ARTISTS of the CAPTURE of TEL-EL-KEBIR.*



**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations

Two of our sketches show the new military railroad which has been constructed at Ismailia between the landing-stage on the Maritime


THE STORMING OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

AFTER the repulse of the attack which Arabi made on the British camp at Kassassin, Sir Garnet Wolseley devoted the two following days, September 11th and 12th, to reconnoitring Arabi's position. On the evening of the 12th he ordered the whole force to be in readiness to march that night for an attack on the enemy at Tel-el-Kebir on the following morning. Sir Garnet Wolseley knew full well the effect of a surprise upon an Eastern army, and also the facility with which British troops could be moved by night in preference to a toiling march under a broiling sun. Accordingly, shortly after sunset the troops commenced their forward movement, broke up camp, and bivouacked in the open behind a ridge which concealed them from the enemy. At about half-past one on the morning of the 13th the men were silently aroused, and advanced in the order of battle, the forces being mainly distributed on the left, or northern side of the Freshwater Canal. On the extreme right of our army were the Royal Horse Artillery Batteries and the bulk of the Cavalry Brigade, who were ordered to sweep round the rear of the enemy's lines. Next came the Royal Marines, supported by the Guards, under the command of General Graham; further to the left, about the centre, was a strong artillery force of forty-two guns, under Colonel Goodenough. Then, still proceeding to the left, was the Highland Brigade, under Sir Archibald Alison in the van, supported by another Infantry Brigade, and next came, on the other side of the Canal, the Seaforth Highlanders and the Indian Contingent—the total British force amounting to 12,277 infantry, 2,785 cavalry, 60 guns, and 214 men of the Naval Brigade, with Gatling guns. Thus it will be seen that both the extreme right and the extreme left wing were composed of cavalry, the left and right wings proper were formed of infantry, while the centre was composed of a powerful brigade of artillery. As for the enemy's strength, it was calculated at 20,000 regulars, including 2,500 cavalry and 70 guns, and 6,000 Bedouins, or irregular troops. The British troops silently advanced, unnoticed by the enemy, until at dawn, about 4.45, the enemy perceived over the crest of the ridge, about 500 yards in front of their left, the advanced guard of General Graham's brigade. A single shot gave the alarm, and then the enemy poured forth a tremendous fire all along the line. The troops were at once ordered to charge, and with a loud cheer they rushed forward, lying down at intervals to fire, and on nearing the entrenchments leaped into the midst of the Egyptians. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued, but not for long, as the enemy were quickly overcome by the furious dash, and fled. Behind the first line lay a second, strongly defended by guns, and on our troops pressed, driving the enemy from the parapets, and gaining shelter trench after shelter trench, until the whole position was theirs. Further to the left the Highlanders had advanced to within 300 yards of the enemy before the alarm was given, and then to the inspiring sound of the bagpipes they carried the first line of entrenchments without firing a shot, literally (as our special artist's sketch shows) at the bayonet's point, and then, after advancing more carefully, and firing steadily, made a rush into the second line of entrenchments. This was the finishing stroke to the battle, and the whole Egyptian army fled in the utmost disorder. Their leader Arabi, however, took care to secure his retreat by a train to Cairo. It was now the turn of the cavalry, and both the Indian contingent under General Macpherson, and the Household Brigade under General Drury-Lowe, pursued the fugitives, the former pushing on to Zagazig, which was occupied by our troops that afternoon, while the latter moved upon Belbeis, and thence next day made a forced march to Cairo, which was occupied on the evening of the 14th by General Drury-Lowe and literally a handful of cavalry. To return to Tel-el-Kebir, an inspection of the lines after the capture showed that, as *The Times* correspondent remarked, engineering talent of no mean order had planned them. For four miles to the northward, at right angles to the Fresh-Water Canal, a strong line of earthworks, with a deep trench in front, extended, having at intervals batteries armed with Krupp guns, and jutting out so as to enable the artillery to enfilade any attacking force. These batteries could have been rendered almost impregnable if manned by determined soldiers, for behind the outer trench and parapet an inner one had also been constructed. To the rear of the first line of trenches were innumerable shelter trenches, and smaller redoubts, mounting two and four guns each; and again, behind these, at a quarter of a mile from the first, was a formidable and continuous line of earthworks. The chief struggle did not take more than twenty minutes, so completely were the Arabs taken aback by the furious onslaught and bayonet charges of the Highlanders and of General Graham's troops. The British loss was nine officers and forty-five men killed, and twenty-two officers and 320 men wounded.

One of our special artists, Mr. F. Villiers, was well to the front throughout the action, and at one time his horse bolting, he lost his sketch books. He, however, looted some of Arabi's return sheets, on which the sketches which we have received were made. Another special artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson, pushed on to Cairo with General Drury-Lowe, and made the sketches mentioned below of the surrender of Arabi and the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

SURRENDER OF ARABI AND  
SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S ARRIVAL  
AT CAIRO

GENERAL DRURY-LOWE and his little force of cavalry lost no time in pressing on to Cairo; and, on their arrival towards the evening of September 14, at Abassiyeh, about four miles outside the city, were met by the commandant of Cairo, with a squadron of cavalry in extended order across the plain, with white flags tied to their carbines, who announced his willingness to surrender. General Lowe then sent for the Governor of Cairo, and told him that he knew Arabi was in the city and demanded his surrender, offering to send troops to surround the rebel leader's house. The Governor, however, went into the city alone, and shortly returned with Arabi and Toulba Pasha, who at once submitted to the British General. This scene was sketched by our special artist, who writes: "Arabi and Toulba Pashas surrendered to General Lowe at Abassiyeh. They came up in a carriage about 10 P.M. and were conducted to the presence of the General. Arabi bowed courteously, unbuckled his belt, and handed his sword to General Lowe. Toulba Pasha did the same, and the war was over." Next day Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff arrived

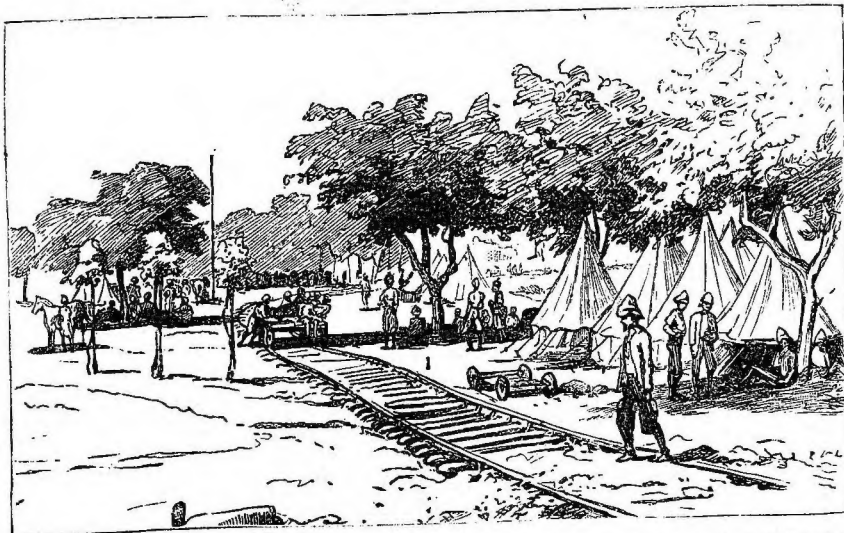


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ISMAILIA—NEW MILITARY RAILROAD FROM THE LANDING-STAGE TO THE RAILWAY-STATION  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

Canal and the railway-station in order to facilitate the transport of stores, &c. The annexed sketch shows the encampment of the 4th Dragoon Guards on the right, and the bivouac of the Indian Contingent in the background. The third engraving depicts the Black Watch dragging ships' boats from the Maritime to the Sweet-Water Canal. This formed one of the light fatigue duties allotted to our men previous

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## THE WAR IN EGYPT

THE ACTION AT KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9

ON September 9, Arabi, manifestly thinking our force at Kassassin weaker than it really was, made what has been called a reconnaissance, but what manifestly was an assault on our camp. General Graham, however, had been strongly reinforced since the fight of August 28, as the whole army had been gradually moving up to the front, in order to be ready for the great movement on Tel-el-Kebir. Arabi began his attack at seven in the morning, and for some time the fighting was confined to an artillery duel, but behind his guns, of which he had brought forward twenty-four, were 8,000 men, while another force was said to be advancing from Salahieh. The British camp was thickly strewn, and for the first time the British Rifle Volunteers, who were represented by a detachment of the Post Office Corps, were under fire. As shown in our sketch, they stood to their bags without flinching. The tent in the background is the Camp Post-





"ON GUARD"—A SUNSET SKETCH ON THE CANAL BANK AT KASSASSIN  
By an Officer of the Royal Marines

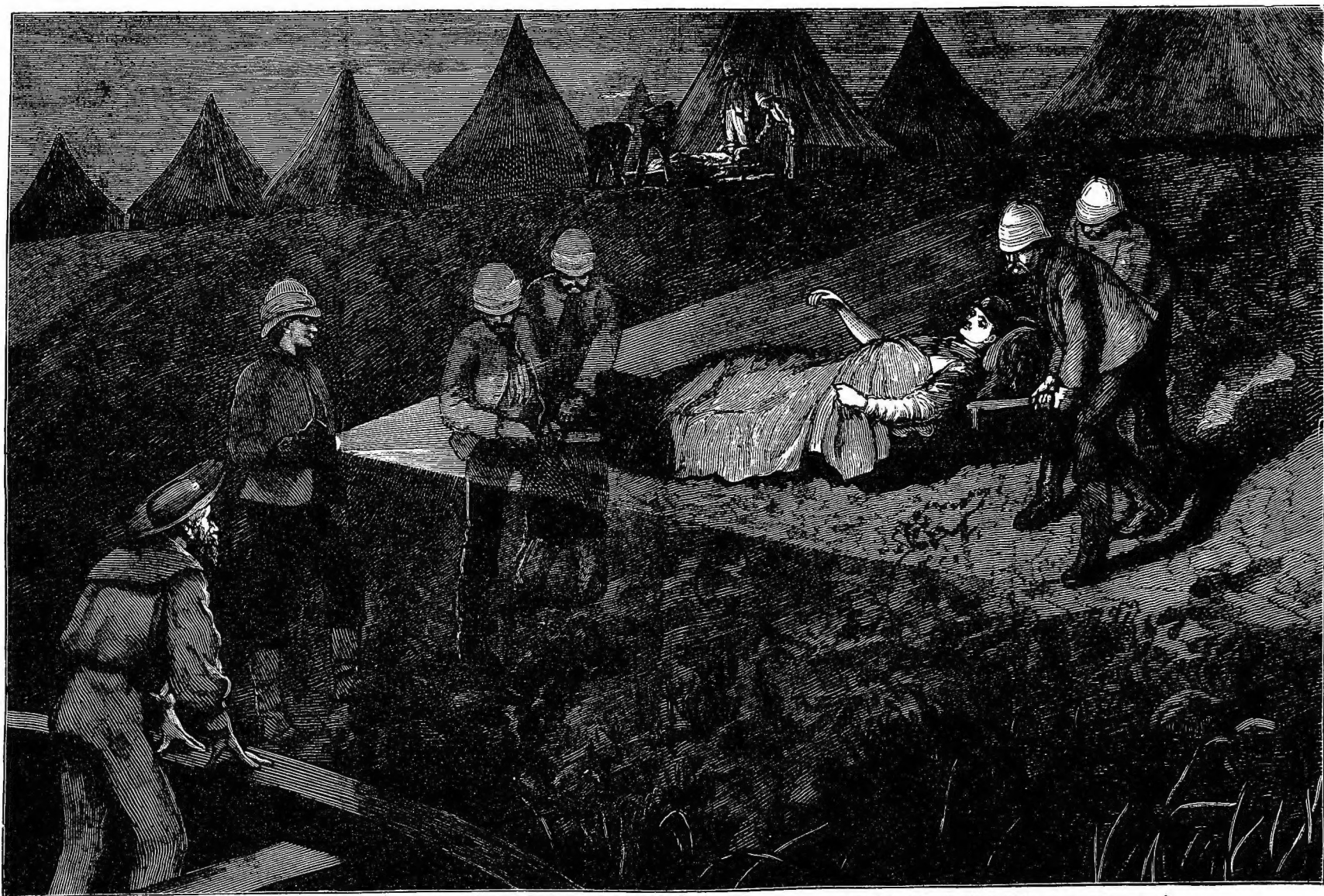


THE FIGHT AT KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9—LIEUT. STANHOPE AND TWO MEN OF THE KING'S RIFLES DROWNING ONE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



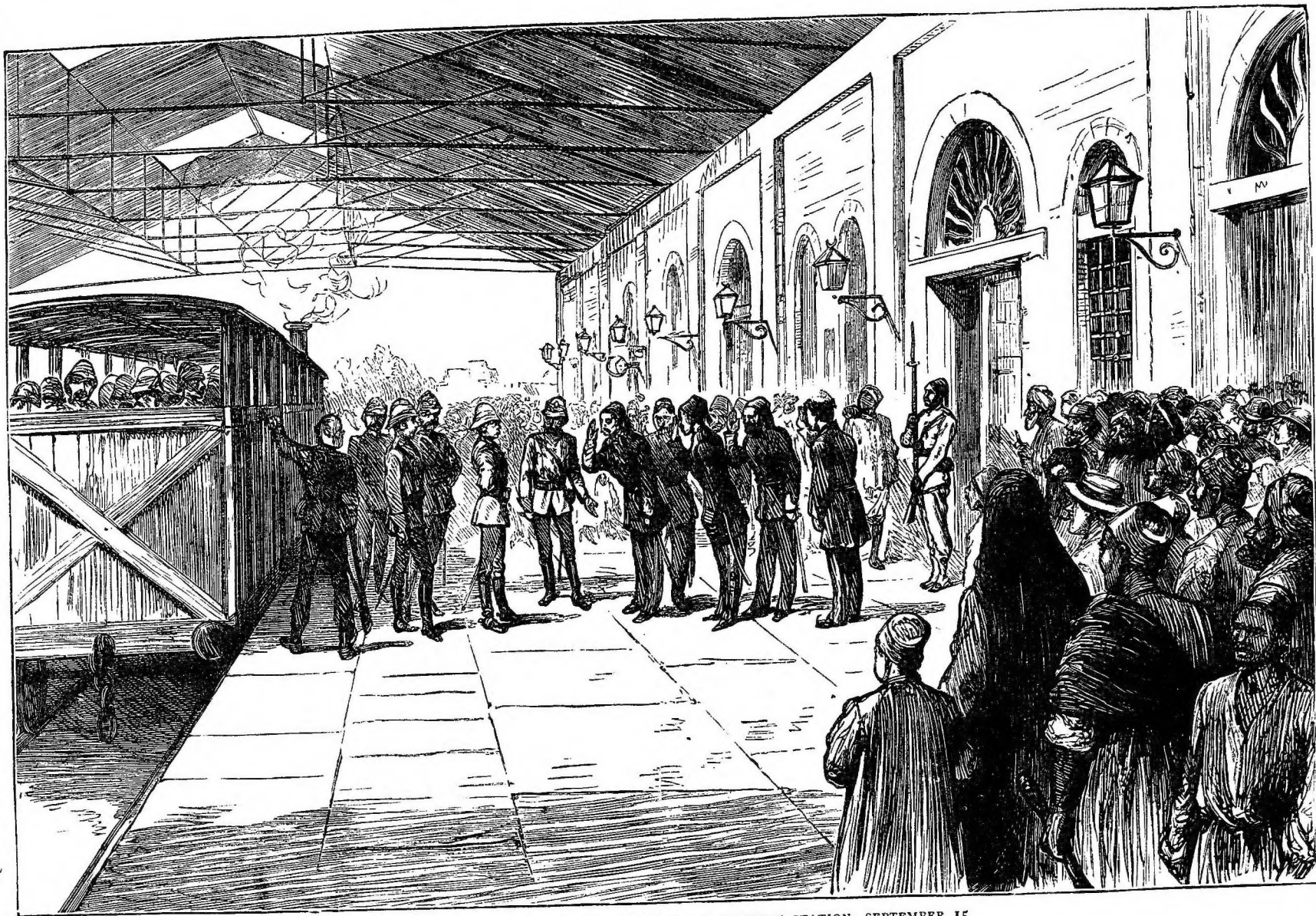


THE BATTLE OF KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9—CAPTURE OF TWO KRUPP GUNS BY THE ROYAL MARINES  
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



LIEUT. PURVIS, COMMANDER OF THE IRONCLAD TRAIN, BEING TAKEN TO HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers





ARRIVAL OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AT CAIRO RAILWAY STATION, SEPTEMBER 15  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

at Cairo by train, being, as he stated in his official despatch, received with open arms, and finding ten thousand soldiers laying down their arms, and expressing their relief at the end of the war, and great joy at being able to return to their homes.

#### THE FLOODING OF LAKE MAREOTIS

LAKE MAREOTIS consists of about 120 square miles of marshy ground lying behind Alexandria. In summer it becomes nearly dry, but

final charge of gun-cotton was fired by Admiral Dowell on the 13th inst., and with a fall of four feet, the sea rushed rapidly into a ditch fifteen feet wide and about half a mile long, which had been excavated by the Blue-jackets. Its force was so great that it carried away an embankment put up to prevent its flooding the rest of the desert, and caused the water of the Mahmoudieh Canal to be very brackish for a time. In the first of our engravings A A are the enemy's earthworks; B B an old masonry wall, C C the embankment thrown up by the Blue-jackets, and D the cutting through an old disused railway embankment. In No. 2, A is a party of sailors digging, B a

#### VIEWS IN AND ABOUT CAIRO

Now that the war is over, and that the Khédive has returned amid the most loyal demonstrations to his capital, public attention, which during the early stages of the late troubles was devoted to Alexandria, and subsequently transferred to the various localities in the Delta where the principal military operations took place, is now concentrated on Cairo.

Of Cairo generally we have already given a full account, it will therefore suffice here to give some description of the places represented in our engravings.

The cemeteries of Cairo are very extensive, occupying the desert tracts east and south of the city. Almost all the mosques of Cairo are tomb-mosques, in so far as they contain a mausoleum in which repose the bones of their founders, and often of members of their families. The most interesting group of tomb-mosques are those of the Circassian Memlooks, also called the "Tombs of the Khalifs" and the "Cemetery of Kaitbey." Among these, the Gamah Kaitbey, or Tomb-Mosque of Kaitbey, though of small dimensions, is especially remarkable for its gracefulness. As a model of elegance, says Fergusson, it even surpasses the Alhambra. There is a considerable population living among the tombs, and often within the enclosures of the mosques. The traveller is reminded of Pompeii. The place looks like some old town unearthed from the dust of ages. During the festivals of the Bairams many families, whose burial-places are scattered here and there, spend whole days on the spot.

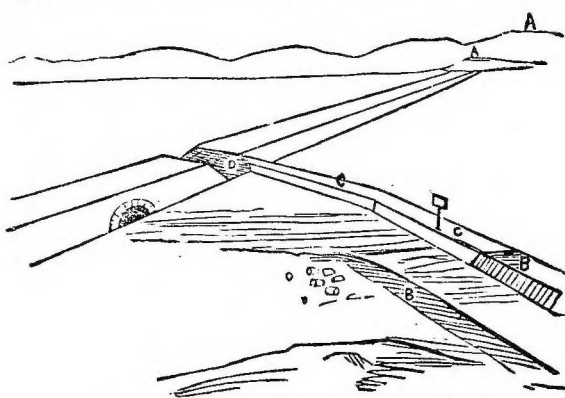
There may be transit-passengers through Egypt of a somewhat illiterate type, who take no interest in the Sphinx or the Pyramids, but they have probably all heard of Shephard's Hotel. It is the oldest established hotel in Cairo, is situated on one side of the Esbekeeyeh (a sort of Cairene Champs Elysées), and was much frequented by Britons and Americans. The street by which Shephard, the founder of this popular caravansary, has thus become immortalised, runs from the Place de l'Opera to the Alexandria Railway Station on the other side of the Ismailia Canal.

Questions of property and family disputes are settled at the Mahkemeh (Place of Judgment), or Cadi's Court, which has its headquarters in Cairo. This Court occupies a portion of the old Palace of the Sultans, and close to it is a fine vaulted chamber, now in ruins, which was part of the abode of Saladin. At the end is a lofty *mehrab*, or arabesque niche for prayer, similar to those in the mosques. The Court is always crowded, the Cairenes being very fond of litigation. Bribery prevails extensively. The Cadi is appointed by the Sultan, and is sent from Constantinople.

There is no old Palace at Cairo: all are of modern date. That of Gezeereh was built by the Khédive Ismail, and is situate on the left bank of the river opposite Boolak, the road from the city leading across the iron bridge of Kasr-en-Neel. The outside presents no remarkable feature, except some handsome iron work. The entrance hall and staircase are very fine, and the reception rooms are magnificently decorated, many of the articles of furniture being beautiful works of art. The gardens are (or were till lately) carefully kept up. In them is a very pretty kiosk, after the style of the Alhambra.

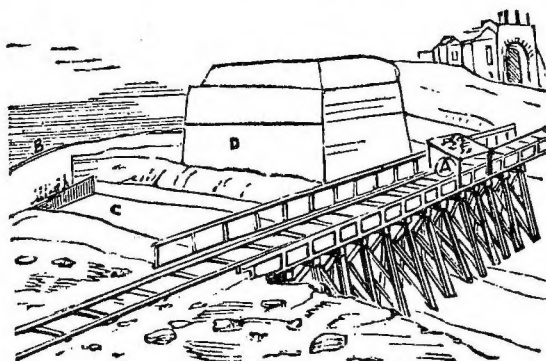
The Citadel of Cairo was built by Saladin, in 1166, of stone brought from small pyramids at Geezeh. He is said to have fixed on the spot because it was found that meat kept fresh there twice as long as anywhere else in Cairo. The city side is well defended by the natural abruptness of the rock, and is also strongly armed and regularly fortified. It was in the narrow and tortuous lane leading from the Bab-el-Azab, a fine massive gateway flanked by two enormous towers, that the massacre of the Memlooks took place by order of Mohammed Ali, on the 1st March, 1811. The upper gate being shut, they were caught in a trap, and all were shot, except one who leapt his horse over a gap in the then dilapidated wall.

From the platform on the south side of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali (within the Citadel, which is in itself a small town), there is a



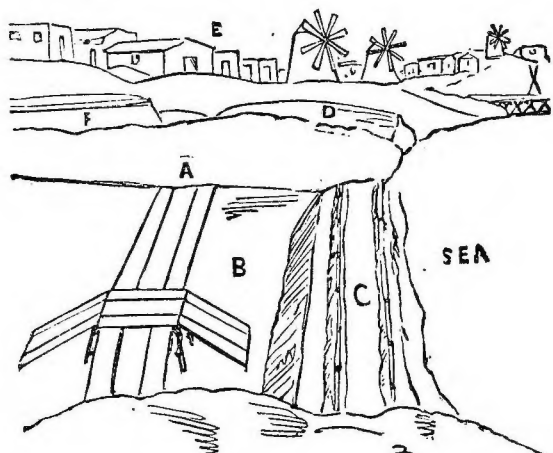
1. View of South End of Lake showing Cutting

in winter it is often flooded to the depth of eight feet. In 1801 the English, who, under General Abercromby, were besieging the French in Alexandria, flooded the lake by cutting a dyke between it and Lake Aboukir. Partly to prevent attacks on Alexandria by the Bedouins on the Mex side, and partly to enable steam launches to come sufficiently near to bombard the lines at Kafr-Dowar, the



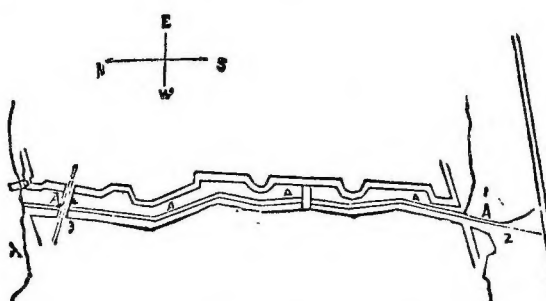
3. View from Mex Village

gang of Arabs, C sappers making holes for the charges, D are two boats used as a barricade, E the deserted village of Mex, and F the fortification wall. In No. 3, A is a roof of sand-bags from which the mines were fired, B a breakwater, C the cutting, and D a fort.



2. The Day Before the Explosion

same thing has been done again, though this time direct from the sea. The operations began on the 4th inst., and were carried out under the direction of Lieutenant Scott, of the *Inconstant*. The



General Plan—Interior of Mex Lines

In the general plan, 1, 2, 3 are the spots from which the respective sketches were taken. A A A is the water channel from the sea to the lake. X—Y is the distance from the sea to the lake—about 1,500 yards, Z—Y is a mud wall.

#### "KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 325.



world-renowned view of the city and the surrounding country. This view is at its best in the evening—shortly before sunset. Then is seen a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets, and palm-tops. The Aqueduct is a striking feature, as are the fawn-coloured domes of the City of Tombs. To the west appear the Pyramids, with the Libyan Desert behind them, while the river gleams from south to north, the green strips of cultivation on its banks contrasting with the yellow sands. Animation is supplied by moving camels and gay groups of people.—The Court of the Cadi and Part of Cairo from the Citadel are from sketches by Mr. W. C. Dillon, Sheffield; the remainder are from photographs by P. Sebah, Cairo.

#### THE SALVATION ARMY AT THE GRECIAN THEATRE

THURSDAY, the 21st inst., was a grand field-day with the Army of the Salvationists, when their forces, to the number of some 6,000 or 7,000 male and female "soldiers," were reviewed by "General" Booth at the newly-acquired headquarters in the City Road, formerly known as the Eagle Tavern.

The lease of the premises for seventeen years was purchased by the Salvationists for 16,750*l.*, the cost of the alterations being 1,750*l.* more. Towards this sum upwards of 10,000*l.* have now been collected, donations to the amount of 1,320*l.* being received on the day of dedication, of which we are about to speak. The outside of the old buildings has been liberally covered with scarlet and yellow paint—the colours of the "Army." Within, the stage has been considerably enlarged, and fitted up as "soldiers'" galleries. The old concert-hall has been renovated, and the dancing room in the centre of the grounds is covered with a large marquee, to be utilised for overflow meetings. The Eagle Hotel has been fitted up as a Salvation Army Inn, with over seventy beds. In accordance with the terms of the lease the spirit license must be kept up, but only non-intoxicants will be served.

From eleven in the morning till a late hour in the evening the new encampment was thronged, services being held at intervals in the halls. At 2 P.M. luncheon was served in the banqueting hall, and there was a large refreshment tent in the centre of the grounds, wherein the intervals between the meetings could be agreeably spent.

The proceedings naturally attracted a large outside crowd, chiefly of a "rough" character, and as at first the force of police present was very inadequate, many of the Salvationists were pelted with mud, struck, and otherwise ill-used. No consideration was shown for women.

At 3 P.M. the Dedication Meeting was held in the new theatre, which was bright with the uniforms of the officers of the army and the costumes of the ladies. General Booth sat in the front row on the platform (formerly the stage) with Mrs. Booth and his two daughters to his right, his eldest son, as "chief of the staff," to his left, and his youngest son behind, as conductor of the band. A hymn was then sung, the last verse being given with "fixed bayonets"—that is, with the arm extended aloft from the shoulder. Then a "volley" was called for, and there were loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Next the General made a speech, detailing the particulars of the purchase of the property. Mrs. Booth followed with a most earnest, energetic, and impassioned address, in which she drew an effective contrast between the universal goodwill shown to the army fighting for British interests in Egypt, and the rufianly treatment of the Salvation Army fighting for God's interests.

Whatever may be the virtues or the failings of the Salvationists, they are not dull. Pipes and drums played between the paragraphs of the speeches, hymns were sung, such as "And now we've got the Eagle," to music-hall airs, young girls beat their tambourines, a "converted" trapezist leapt about on the platform, shouting "Glory," as depicted in our third illustration, there were cheers, laughter, and even hysterics, General Booth's daughters sang a duet, and Major Smith gave a solo, with the refrain:—

Our motto, "Blood and Fire!"

Our soldiers never tire,

We're the Lord's Brigade, the Lord's Brigade.

In the evening a great "Rejoicing" Meeting was held.



GREAT SATISFACTION has everywhere been expressed at the announcement that the Queen has been pleased to raise Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Beauchamp Seymour to the Peerage, with the rank of Baron, for distinguished services in the Egyptian War. This is the second occasion during the present reign in which such an honour has been conferred upon a naval commander. The recipient in the previous instance was Sir Edmund Lyons.

ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS AT HACKNEY on Tuesday last, the Postmaster-General dwelt with just satisfaction on the fresh improvements introduced into his own department, more especially the new parcels post (which will not, however, come into operation till some months after Christmas) and the increased facilities for investing small sums in the purchase of life insurances and annuities. On other matters the speech, though guarded, was noteworthy for a curious air of independence. Though "Government had reserved the point for future decision," Mr. Fawcett had not "forgotten his own previous declarations" that the cost of sending troops from India to Egypt should not be cast upon the Indian taxpayer. Neither could he go all the way with those at home who would facilitate the creation of a body of peasant proprietors by State advances of the entire purchase money—a plan which would only encourage tenants to offer more than the land was really worth. "No tendency," he added, "of the present day required to be more carefully watched" than this of drawing upon the public exchequer, without remembering that "every shilling spent by Government must come from the general body of the taxpayers." Only "absolute necessity could induce him to sanction the compulsory appropriation of a portion of the earnings of one class for the benefit of another." Mr. Holms, M.P., following his colleague, was satisfied to express general approval of Ministerial policy in Egypt—an announcement which elicited some tokens of dissent—and to congratulate the meeting on the now proved efficiency of a short-service army.

AT A LUNCHEON in the hall of St. Oswald's Church of England Lower Middle-Class School—a building now in course of erection near Ellesmere at a cost of 50,000*l.* to supply the educational wants of the West Midland Counties—Lord Cranbrook spoke in warm terms of praise of the system of middle-class public schools, devised by Canon Woodard, and strongly protested against the folly of attempting to separate religion from education; and Mr. Pell, M.P., in an address to the Leicestershire Chamber of Agriculture on the necessity of greater precision in the arrangements made between landlords and tenants, concluded with a hope that he "should see the day when more men would farm the land they owned."—The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have addressed a letter to Mr. Gladstone, calling upon him to utilise the present opportunity for the extinction of slavery throughout the dominions of the Khédive.

BEYOND RESOLUTIONS in favour of "such a reform of the jury laws as shall enable workmen to take their fair share of the duties devolving upon jurymen," a proposal that there should be working men among the Sessional magistrates, a discussion upon land reform,

in the course of which it was maintained that simplification of titles was a waste of time, and nothing would do but the "nationalisation of the land," and a fierce attack on Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., for mal-administration of the funds raised ten years ago for the imprisoned gas-stokers (which has since resulted in the severance of the "Amalgamated Labourers" from the "Trades Unionists") there was little noteworthy in the concluding days of the Trades Union Congress at Manchester. The sudden death of a delegate saddened the proceedings towards their close, and a collection was made for the bereaved family. The Congress meets next year at Nottingham.

THE FIFTH AUTUMN CONGRESS of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, opened on Tuesday last at Newcastle, with an interesting address by Captain Galton on the "Germ Theory of Disease," and the necessity of better-constructed dwellings, and of the isolation of sufferers from infectious disorders, might seem to have been convened expressly to take up the thread of the discussion which the day before had been hotly waged among the votaries of Social Science. For at Nottingham, too, among the many scientific questions in the programme, none stirred such general interest as that of "Public Health," introduced by a paper from Sir Rutherford Alcock, and followed up by a fierce debate, in which the compulsory notification of all cases of infectious illness by the medical attendants, with a view to the isolation or removal of the patients—a plan which is said to have worked admirably in Edinburgh—was warmly advocated, and hotly opposed as espionage and interference with the liberty of the subject. Among other of the more attractive papers were Mrs. King's on "Ladies' Dress;" Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, on the "English Gipsies;" Mr. C. Aitchison's address on "Art," in which the opening of museums and galleries on Sundays was strongly advocated; and two on "Bi-metallism," in one of which Mr. Westgarth cleverly sustained the bi-metallist position against the President of the Section, Professor Bonamy Price.

IN IRELAND the retirement of Mr. Dillon "for a few years" from the representation of Tipperary, on the plea (which no one credits) of ill-health, has cast into the shade all lesser matters. Moderate Nationalists are dismayed at Mr. Dillon's resolution, the true cause of which is thought to be his inability to assent to the milder policy now in favour with Mr. Parnell. Walsh, the Letterfrack murderer, was executed on Friday, affirming his innocence to the last, and declaring that the witnesses against him committed perjury. Recent arrests in the neighbourhood of Lough Mask have at last, it is thought, enabled the authorities to lay hand on three of the chief actors in the murder of Lord Ardilaun's two bailiffs, whose bodies were found tied together in a sack at the bottom of the Lough. After two days' inquiry with closed doors, three men were apprehended late on Sunday night, and it is now understood that people who witnessed the attack are ready to come forward and identify them. In the neighbourhood of Loughrea much alarm prevails at the prospect of having to pay heavy compensation to the families of the victims of agrarian crime. At the inquest on the bodies of the children killed by the fall of a buttress at St. Patrick's, the jury found that death had been accidental, but that there had been culpable negligence on the part of both architect and contractor.

"It is a little vanity, of no harm, and may tempt others to follow my example"—with this gentle apology did a Mr. William White bequeath in 1823 the reversion of 63.94*l.* to the British Museum for an extension of the buildings, on the sole condition that on the new block should be carved "Gul. White Arm. Britanniae dicavit 18—," or "words to that effect." The bequest, reduced by payment of legacy duty to 57,572*l.*, fell in early in 1879, and on Saturday last the corner-stone of the new buildings was laid by the Principal Librarian, Mr. E. A. Bond. They will be chiefly utilised to house the newspapers, and provide a separate reading-room for those who wish to consult them.

ANOTHER LINK in the Inner Railway Circle was opened to the public on Monday last by the completion of the short line from Aldgate to Trinity Square, Tower Hill. The line, of which the first sod was turned last September, will bring the Tower into direct communication with the chief metropolitan termini.

THE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE appointed to examine the plans for the proposed Ship Canal to Manchester have reported in favour of Mr. Leader Williams's scheme for a canal which shall be semi-tidal as far as Irlam, and shall thence be carried to Manchester by a succession of locks. At a meeting on Monday last the Committee were empowered to raise a guarantee fund of 100,000*l.* to cover the expenses of an application to Parliament next Session.

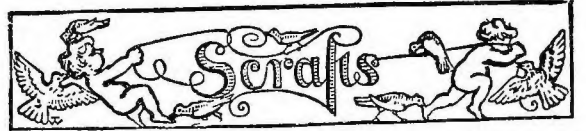
A DAY OR TWO AGO it was stated that the fund for the relief of the starving Icelanders had reached the sum of 3,700*l.* "Authoritative sources" now inform us that the crops on the island are the best known for years. "There has been no destitution among the islanders whatever, and none are more amazed than they at the idea that they were selling off all their live stock, and preparing in despair to emigrate *en masse*."

TYPHOID CONTINUES ITS RAVAGES AT BANGOR, though the attacks are generally of a milder type. At the Board meeting on Tuesday twenty fresh cases were reported since Sunday, two of which had proved fatal, and it was said that one medical man had no less than 120 patients under his charge. There is no abatement of the epidemic at Bethesda.

AT THE HULL BOTANIC GARDENS, during an exhibition of fireworks intended to represent the bombardment of Alexandria, a three-inch iron mortar suddenly exploded, so terribly mutilating one poor boy that death was instantaneous, and severely wounding several others, one of whom, the son of a Town Councillor, died the next day from his injuries.

THE DEATH OF LORD TENTERDEN, on Friday last, at the early age of forty-eight, after an illness of only eight days, removes one who, like Mr. Mountague Bernard, became first known in connection with the Joint High Commission at Washington, to which he was appointed Secretary. After holding the position of Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1871 to 1873, he was nominated in the latter year to the Permanent Under-Secretaryship. He will be succeeded, it is said, by the Hon. Julian Pauncefote.

A BLUE RIBBON ARMY has been formed in Switzerland—a Blue Cross Society to oppose the rapid increase of brandy-drinking. This habit has spread to an alarming extent of late years, and at the recent Health Congress at Geneva a melancholy picture was drawn of the evil effects on the population. Owing to the scanty food the Swiss peasantry have recourse more and more to cheap and common brandy to supply the lack of strengthening nourishment, and where formerly bread and milk were the staple diet, potatoes and a weak mixture of chicory, styled by courtesy coffee, are now consumed, and washed down by potato brandy. Many labourers take their brandy flasks into the fields, and the habit is gradually adopted even by young children, who fade and grow wizened through the constant stimulant. The parents declare that the children ought to be strong, as they take the most strengthening food, the *soupe au schnap* (brandy soup). This unwholesome drink is kept in a large bowl on the peasants' tables, ready for any one to dip in a spoon and fish out scraps of bread and potatoes floating in the compound. Most of the peasants make the potato brandy at home, and the wife looks after the small still side by side with the *pot-au-feu*. Canton Bern has the largest number of distilleries, and in the district of Aarberg there is a still to every thirty inhabitants. Thus deaths from alcoholism are frequent, the Canton of Neuchâtel being most affected. Yet Switzerland stands only sixth in the list of alcohol-consuming countries, Denmark consuming the largest quantity per head of the population.



A "BISMARCK PEARL" is now being exhibited at Baden-Baden. By some freak of Nature the outline of the jewel curiously resembles the great Chancellor's profile, and the owner intends to present the pearl to Prince Bismarck.

THE NEW PAPER CURRENCY is now being issued in the United States, and the notes are of totally different design from the old ones. The five-dollar bills (1*l.*) bear General Garfield's portrait—one of the best likenesses extant.

A WELSH CENTENARIAN has just died near Presteign, in Radnorshire. William Lewis, who was born in 1781, was engaged in agricultural pursuits all his life, and was a very abstemious man. When ninety-five years of age he walked over twenty miles in one day.

ANOTHER ARCTIC VESSEL has been checked on her way North. The American steamer *Neptune*, sent by the United States Government with supplies to the Greeley Scientific Expedition in Lady Franklin Bay, 81 deg. N., has been unable to penetrate further than 79°20 deg., owing to an impassable ice-barrier, and has gone back to St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE PROPOSED SALE OF BRENTFORD EYOT is warmly condemned in Richmond, Chiswick, and the neighbourhood, as the little island possesses some beautiful trees, and, besides thus adding to the beauty of the Thames, hides the dirty surroundings of the Gasworks. The Eyot is being fast washed away by the tides, and it is suggested that the local authorities should buy and preserve the ground for the public use.

DISASTERS TO RAILWAY BRIDGES, which have lately caused so much loss of life, are so frequent in the United States as to call for a serious reform amongst Transatlantic engineers and surveyors. Forty-four railway bridges collapsed last year alone, and one iron construction recently completed gave way suddenly without undergoing any strain whatever. Another new iron foot-bridge fell in under the weight of a cow.

CRAB-RACES have been in great favour at several Norman watering-places this summer, and have even aroused as much interest as the inevitable *petits chevaux*, which give rise to so much gambling in French casinos. The crabs, handicapped according to weight, are ranged in order on the shore, and kept still by the pressure of each "sportsman's" thumb. At a given signal the crabs are released, and go shuffling off over the sand towards the sea, usually completing the course of twenty-two yards in a quarter of an hour.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN BRUSSELS are carefully looked after by the town authorities, who intend to check any injudicious restorations. Thus the proprietors of the quaint old houses in the Grande Place, where the Hotel de Ville stands, have been obliged to make an engagement with the Municipality not to alter or disfigure the fronts of the houses by hanging out signs, &c., the Municipality agreeing as compensation to keep them in repair. One or two houses which have been defaced are to be restored to their original condition so as to preserve the antique historical character of the Square.

A CURIOUS STYLE OF PAYING TRIBUTE to the Chinese Government is practised by the Loochoo Islanders. Every year they come to Foochow to present their contributions to the Imperial Exchequer, and as soon as they arrive at the mouth of the Min river they strip their vessel of mast, rigging, sails, &c., and appear before the Chinese authorities in a state of utter poverty. Having thus apparently relinquished both their worldly possessions and their means of procuring a livelihood by trading, they receive a considerable sum of money. Further, the Chinese furnish their vessel with new masts and all necessary equipment for a speedy return home.

THE PARIS MORGUE is likely to be soon removed from its present situation, as the encroachment of the river has rendered the building unsafe, while it is no longer large enough to contain the necessary occupants. Within the last thirty years the number of bodies placed there has largely increased, rising from 400 in 1830 to nearly 1,000 in 1881. The soil on which the Morgue is built is also so yielding that three rooms have given way within the last two years. Probably the building, which as it now exists dates from 1864, will be removed to a site adjoining the Palais de Justice, in order, also, to be more accessible for medical studies.

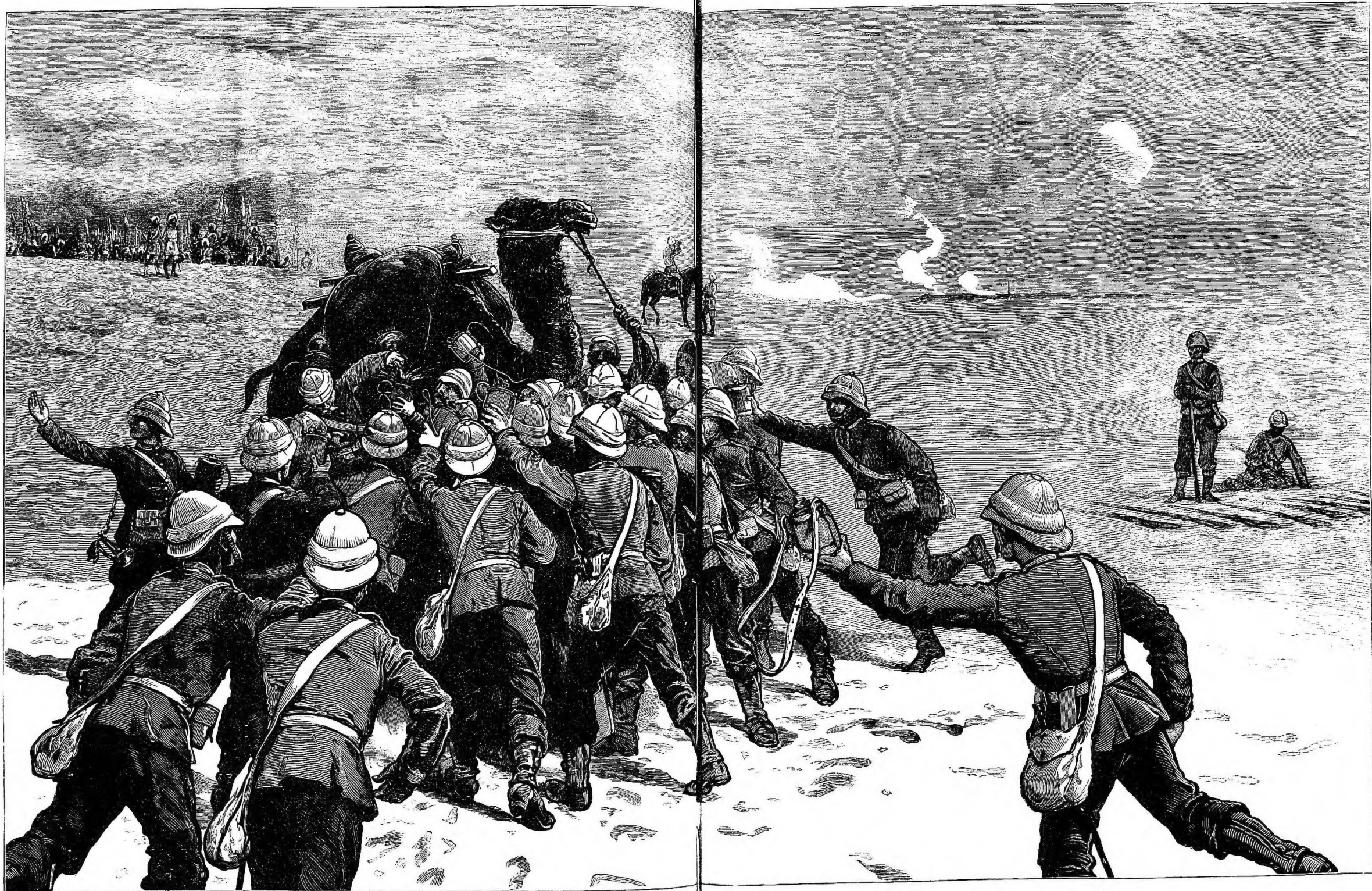
FOX-HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES is pursued on somewhat curious principles. Transatlantic sportsmen do not object to chasing Reynard in August, and the fox himself is too precious to be killed, but "lives to run another day." However, when President Arthur was recently visiting the Atlantic watering-place of Newport, the Fox-Hunting Club actually sacrificed their only fox in his honour in order to present the President with the brush. The poor creature had been imported from England some years ago, and its health was carefully watched by a veterinary surgeon, so now the gallant hunters are looking out for a successor.

AMSTERDAM intends her coming International Exhibition to be a great success. Elaborate arrangements are now being made for the buildings, which are to include numerous annexes, and to cover seventy acres of ground, while the visitors will be enlivened by the music of all nations, and a captive balloon rivaling the Paris monster of 1878. The Exhibition will, however, be chiefly devoted to colonial products and articles connected with the export trade, and the Dutch are particularly anxious to compare their own colonial exhibits with those of our Indian, African, and Australasian possessions. The British Colonies will be largely represented, and a special Commission has also been formed for Great Britain.

LUTHER'S FAMOUS CHURCH AT WITTENBERG is in a very dilapidated condition from the effects of time and war. Though recognising the need of renovation, the German Government cannot persuade Parliament to grant any funds even for the most necessary repairs, so a private society at Wittenberg propose to appeal to Europe for contributions to restore this cradle of the Reformation, particularly as November, 1883, will be the quatercentenary of Luther's birth. Besides containing the tombs of Luther and his fellow-labourer, Melancthon, in the nave, the chief attraction of the church lies in the bronze doors with Luther's ninety-five theses, presented by King Frederick William IV. in 1858.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,450 against 1,269 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 181, and 77 above the average, while the death rate increased to 19.4 per 1,000. There were 21 deaths from measles (a rise of 4), 53 from scarlet fever (an increase of 24), 17 from diphtheria (a decline of 7), 25 from whooping cough (a fall of 13), 13 from enteric fever (a decrease of 4), 1 from typhus, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 78 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from simple cholera (a decline of 3), and not one from small-pox. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 263 from 193, and were 62 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 45 deaths, of which 40 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,544 births registered—an increase of 114, but 16 below the average. The mean temperature was 53°0 deg.—slightly below the average, and there were 17.8 hours of bright sunshine out of the 86 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.





AFTER THE BATTLE, KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9—THE RUSH FOR WATER  
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL MARINES





**THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.**—The Khédive has been restored to his capital; and, as the last shadow of resistance has been quelled at Damietta and Ghemileh, the military side of the question is giving way to political considerations. Now the most difficult part of the task is to come—the establishment of a stable Government amongst a perfectly untrustworthy people. The ostentatious greetings and loyalty at present displayed by the Arabs towards their ruler signify little, for similar enthusiasm would have welcomed any victorious party, and the ominous sullenness of the Cairenes proves how much genuine warmth is contained in the visible rejoicings. Should too much clemency prevail towards the rebel leaders, it is greatly feared that such mercy will be construed as weakness, and thus produce a disastrous effect on the natives. As yet Arabi, Toulba, and the Swiss Ninet, who now tries to pass himself off as an injured peaceful traveller, continue at the Abdin Palace in Cairo, and witnessed the imposing entry of the Khédive on Monday. Accompanied by Sir E. Malet from Alexandria, where his departure was regarded with comparative indifference, Tewfik found all the stations on his way gaily beflagged, and the population turned out to affirm their loyalty. Cairo was gorgeously decorated; the streets were thronged, and the British troops lined the route, forming a magnificent display. The Duke of Connaught and Sir Garnet Wolseley met the Khédive at the station, where he was honoured by a Royal salute and the British National Anthem, and Tewfik drove off in the same carriage as the Duke, Sir Garnet, and Sir E. Malet, "returning like a child in his nurse's arms," remarked a cynical Arab. Europeans and Arab women shouted in welcome, and according to custom bullocks were slaughtered, and their blood sprinkled on the Palace threshold, but most of the natives stood sulky and silent. Nevertheless, illuminations were general in the evening; scarcely a house was dark, save that of M. de Lesseps, and those belonging to known rebels were the most brilliant. Tewfik, however, rightly interprets these outward signs. At Alexandria he firmly refused to see any suspected rebels, particularly three Princes of his own House, who signed the petition for his deposition; while, on reaching Cairo, he severely reprimanded the Ulemas, and further at his public reception, which lasted four hours, and was crammed, he declined to receive persons of high position, while admitting several of inferior rank. Still he will now grant an amnesty to all officers below the grade of captain, except those directly concerned in the riots, or who joined Arabi after the beginning of the campaign. The rebels will be tried by a special Commission at Cairo, and the more serious cases will be sent up by this Commission to a court martial, which will give judgment without further appeal. The Khédive has conferred the highest Mussulman distinction—the Grand Cross of the Osmanieh—on the Duke of Connaught, Sir G. Wolseley, and Sir E. Malet; Sir Garnet, by the way, being unwell. As yet no announcement has been made of even a partial withdrawal of the British troops, and a grand review of the whole force takes place to-day (Saturday). A small parade was held last week, when the fine appearance of the troops much impressed the natives, who, however, are not too friendly in several quarters of the city. The health of the men is fairly good, and the wounded are being shipped off from Ismailia to Malta, Cyprus, or homewards. Several deaths have occurred, notably that of Commander Rawson, but most of the wounded are doing well. The troops are gradually being concentrated at Cairo and Alexandria, the Indian Cavalry have left Zagazig, Kassassin is almost deserted, and the Marines have abandoned the entrenchments at Port Said, and gone on board ship, while their comrades have quitted Aboukir. Several regiments are to leave Alexandria for India at once, and the general opinion seems to be that a force of 10,000 men will be sufficient to maintain order. A decided spirit of discontent, however, still lingers in many districts, and as numbers of the rebels escaped with their arms, the situation is thus additionally serious. Altogether it is thought that some 5,000 Egyptians perished in the campaign.

Alexandria has subsided into complete quietude. All hopes entertained by the troops of a brush at Damietta were soon ended, for Abdellal's force gradually deserted, and the Colonel himself then surrendered to General Wood. Ghemileh also gave in without a shot, and the only excitement comes from Kafr Dowar, where the Bedouins have taken possession of the deserted entrenchments. General Wood has gone to Cairo, and the Channel Squadron will soon leave, so that the chief points are now the punishment of rioters and indemnification of the victims of the recent disasters. A special Commission has accordingly been appointed under Abdurrahman Rouchdi, a Maltese renegade, with the co-operation of the foreign Consuls. A thanksgiving service for the suppression of the rebellion was held at the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Sunday, when the British military authorities attended. The Khédive has now asked Baker Pasha to resign the Egyptian army.

**TURKEY** is recovering from the surprise of recent events, and native opinion, bitterly disappointed at the utter failure of the Islamist movement, now violently abuses Arabi. The Porte looks anxiously for the withdrawal of the British troops, and has sent a Note to the British Embassy, asking when this step is to be taken. At present the Sultan is full of friendly professions towards England. The Greek dispute is also happily settled, as the Porte suddenly agreed to surrender all the disputed points, and to negotiate respecting a rectification of the frontier. More peaceful accounts also come from SYRIA, where the British victories have had a tranquillising effect, while the Grand Shereef of Mecca has been deposed on suspicion of complicity with Arabi. His successor, Abdullah Doun, is his nephew, and a Liberal, said to be friendly to England. Throughout Europe the coming Egyptian settlement continues to form the chief theme, but there is little fresh to report of the opinions from various countries. In GERMANY the Government Press have hinted at an Anglo-German alliance, and bitterly condemn any *rapprochement* with our Gallic neighbours, while on her side FRANCE is warmly discussing the re-establishment of the Anglo-French Control, which is stoutly urged by the Gambettists.

In FRANCE proper, the unwonted peace prevailing amongst the Republicans has given other political parties a chance. Since the attempted *coup d'état* of 1873 Legitimism has never been so active as within the last few weeks, and while elaborate manifestations are arranged for St. Michael's day (yesterday) and the Comte de Chambord's birthday, on October 15th, a Vendean deputation, headed by the indefatigable M. Baudry d'Asson, has been received by "the King and Queen," at Frohsdorf, in semi-Royal state. Henri V. declares that "the hour of salvation is approaching," and that "each moment increases my confidence in the success of the Providential mission which has devolved on me." With unusual tolerance, the Government takes no more notice of the Royalist excitement than of the Socialist meetings or the Bonapartist agitation, which resulted in a free fight between the two sections of Jeronists at a recent meeting. Ministers are far more occupied with the new Compulsory Education Act, which comes into force on October 2nd, and obliges parents to inform the Government whether they choose home education or schools, and if the latter, what schools. If the former, children must undergo a Government examination at the end of two years. As yet the Church waits to

see how the measure acts, and if the secular schools are managed by tolerant teachers the Bishops will be content, but if intolerance prevails opposition Catholic schools will be established. Catholics just now have two special grievances—the appropriation of the Lourdes revenues by the State during the vacancy of the Bishopric of Tarbes, to which they belong, and the attacks upon Monsignor Czacki, the Papal Nuncio. Having now been created a Cardinal, he will give place to Monsignor Rende, and M. Grévy comes home this week to invest him with the biretta—a privilege which only belongs to France, Spain, Austria, and Portugal, and is jealously guarded even by so anti-Clerical a Republic as the present. British visitors to PARIS will be amused by a new piece at the Odéon—*Rotten Row*, by M. Portland, which will teach them many curious British habits and customs; while another dramatic novelty is the revival at the Gymnase of *Heloise Paranguet*, by M. Durantin.

GERMANY has been cordially congratulating her Chancellor on the twentieth anniversary of his tenure of the Prussian Premiership, which Prince Bismarck has held continuously since Sept. 23, 1862. Difference of opinion has not prevented even the Prince's opponents from warmly acknowledging his services to the Fatherland, and his supporters have offered loud praise and plentiful gifts. Emperor William intends to mark the occasion by conferring some extraordinary honour on his devoted henchman, but as Prince Bismarck already possesses the highest dignities and all the Orders of the Empire, it is somewhat puzzling to find a fresh distinction. Meanwhile the Prince has at last fixed the date of the Prussian elections for October 19th and 26th. The Clerical agitation has decidedly subsided, as the Emperor himself preserved a conciliatory attitude towards the aggressive Bishop of Breslau when visiting the town for the manoeuvres, while another excitement is calming down—the crusade against the Jews, notwithstanding the violent denunciations of the recent Anti-Semitic Congress. The Government has begun seriously to consider the construction of a Canal connecting the Baltic and the North Sea, and a Commission is appointed to make arrangements. The rainy summer has greatly swelled the Rhine and its affluents, so that the waters are beginning to overflow.

Further south, however, the floods have assumed a most serious aspect, and AUSTRIA, ITALY, and SWITZERLAND are in the greatest distress. Although happily the inundations in the Austrian Tyrol have slightly subsided, the population are suffering greatly, indeed in many districts they are totally ruined. Whole villages have been swept away, towns—like Botzen, &c.—cut off from all communication, railroads almost irreparably damaged, while the injury to cultivation is incalculable, as several parts of the country are a vast lake. Many lives, too, have been lost. The soldiers are working hard to help the people, but in their turn have suffered from the waters. Thus, in Hungary, the River Drave was so swollen by floods as to undermine a bridge, which gave way just as a train passed over. The engine and several carriages fell into the stream with a detachment of Hussars who were returning on leave from Bosnia, and although many miraculously escaped, 27 were drowned. Happily the coupling chains gave way, or the rest of the train would have shared the same fate. These floods and the accumulation of snows in the Austrian Tyrol have grievously affected ITALY as far down as Padua. Throughout Venetia and Lombardy the rivers have overflowed for some weeks, but the worst case is that of Verona, where the whole city has been flooded causing great loss of life and property. Without food or light, driven out of house and home, cut off from the rest of the world, Verona was wretched and starving, notwithstanding the hard work of the military, and charitable assistance of bread and money from other towns and the Government. King Humbert gave handsomely, and at once started to visit the inundated districts, going about on foot to inspect the damage, which is enormous. The Pope has also sent money, and has, by the by, held a Consistory, at which he created two new Cardinals.

Much the same tale of inundations is repeated in SWITZERLAND, with the addition of severe snowstorms. The summer, altogether, has been most inclement, and such wintry weather as the present has never been known. The passes are blocked, and avalanches are frequent, while many crops are ruined.

**RUSSIA.**—The Czar's visit to Moscow concluded without any hitch. During their stay the Imperial party constantly showed themselves in public, held a review, visited the Exhibition and the various charitable institutions, and were rewarded by a most enthusiastic reception. Throughout, the Prince of Montenegro was by the Czar's side, thus arousing reports of an alliance. Owing to General Drenteln's recent speech at Balta, the anti-Jewish agitation has again awakened.

**INDIA** is in high glee at the honours won by her native forces in Egypt, and a salute of thirty-one guns was fired at every military station to celebrate the British victories. Further, the Government has issued a congratulatory resolution praising the offers of assistance from the feudatory Princes, and the eagerness of all branches of the army to join the expedition. In home affairs proper Salem still continues very disturbed, and Calcutta is highly indignant concerning the coming municipal elections, for which bribery is rife. A contingent of the Salvation Army lately reached Bombay, but their yellow garb and procession in bullock carts were thought likely to arouse native feelings, so three of the Salvationists were arrested.

**UNITED STATES.**—Terrible rain storms have occurred, lasting continuously along the Atlantic seaboard for two days. Eleven inches fell in Philadelphia in seventy-two hours, and a vast amount of damage has been done to property and railroads. Other disasters are a railway collision in New York, where two trains telescoped, four people being killed and fifteen injured, and another accident near Lancaster, where a travelling circus suffered grievously. The Government, determined to put down Mormonism, is enforcing the Edmunds Bill in Utah. This measure provides that no polygamist shall hold any office, nor be able to vote, and the Mormons are trying to evade the law by appointing monogamists where practicable, and temporarily separating from all but one wife. They mean to resist to the bitter end.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In NEW SOUTH WALES the Sydney Exhibition building has been burnt down at a loss of 500,000. Originally built for the 1879 Exhibition, the edifice has since been used as a kind of Crystal Palace. In SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo has arrived at Cape Town, and will stay at Oude Molen for the present. He was coldly received. A deputation from several influential chiefs beyond Pretoria have interviewed Sir T. Shepstone to plead for re-annexation of the Transvaal. If refused, they threaten to fight the Boers till the British are compelled to resume their authority. The small-pox epidemic at Cape Town is becoming most serious.



THE Royal circle at Balmoral has been joined by the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his two youngest children, Prince Ernest and Princess Alice. The Queen has driven frequently to Abergeldie to see the Prince and Princess of Wales and the King and Queen of Greece, and the Royal party from Abergeldie, with the Princes Albert Victor and George, have twice dined with Her Majesty. On Saturday the Queen drove out with the Princess of Wales and the King and Queen of Greece, and in the evening Principal Tulloch

dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen, with the Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Beatrice, attended Divine service at Crathie Church, where Principal Tulloch officiated, and on Monday the Grand Duke of Hesse and his children arrived. On Tuesday Her Majesty, with the Royal Family and Princes Albert Victor and George, went to Craig Gowan to witness the completion of the cairn erected to commemorate the Duke and Duchess of Albany's marriage. The Duke of Cambridge arrived in the evening. The Queen will remain at Balmoral until November 23, when Her Majesty will go to Windsor for a few weeks, and thence to Osborne for Christmas.

The Prince of Wales arrived in London on Saturday from Scotland, and went at once to Strathfieldsaye, to attend the Dean of Windsor's funeral. On Sunday he visited the Grand Duke of Hesse at Buckingham Palace, and received Lord Charles Beresford on his return from Egypt. The Prince remained in town to receive the King and Queen of Greece on their arrival from Scotland on Tuesday, and after seeing them off for Paris he left by the night mail to rejoin the Princess and family at Abergeldie. The Prince and Princess will probably leave Scotland next Saturday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their children, are expected home from Coburg in a fortnight; at present the Duke has gone to the Tyrol and the Duchess to Italy. The Duchess of Connaught will probably meet her husband at Malta, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany may accompany her in the *Osborne*, as the Duke derived so much benefit from his recent cruise. The Duke and Duchess of Albany visit Glasgow on October 14, to open the new rooms and Exhibition of the School of Art Needlework—the ceremony having been deferred through the Duke's illness. They will stay with Sir A. and Lady Campbell at Elythwood.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne leave Victoria (Vancouver's Island) next Sunday. During their visit to the Waterworks on Monday a child broke its arm, and the Princess herself carried the child into a house, and tended it until a doctor arrived.



**FOREIGN ITEMS.**—Madame Etelka Gerster is engaged for a fixed period at the "National Theatre," Pesth.—The Carola Theater, Leipsic, and the Carltheater, Vienna, have both reopened after an interval of five months.—Herr Angelo Neumann has been giving performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, with his adopted strolling company, at Königsberg.—The foundation stone of a new theatre is about to be laid at Carlsbad.—Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, Blumner's *Der Fall Jerusalems*, and J. S. Bach's *Johannes-Passion* (so much less frequently heard than the *Matthäus*, though scarcely inferior to it in merit), are selected for performance at the Berlin Singakademie during the autumn season.—The season at Kroll's Theatre came to an end recently with *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (A. Adam), Theodor Wachtel, the high-voiced tenor, sustaining the part of the hero to which he was indebted for his early reputation.—The famous Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts are to be resumed on the 5th of next month.—Anton Rubinstein's opera (or rather "sacred drama") *Die Maccabäer*, is to be given under his own direction at the Stadttheater for the first time at Leipsic, early in November. The leading character is assigned to Mdle. Marianne Brandt, one of the most dramatically and musically consummate of Wagnerian singers.—The receipts at the third German-Singer's-Festival in Hamburg were 200,000 marks, which with all expenses paid left a surplus of 42,000.—The unveiling of the monument to Bellini, at Catania, is now positively fixed for the 28th of November.—The death is announced of Madame von Decker. Half a century ago this lady was, for some years, the most admired "prima-donna" at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. She died on the 9th inst. at her Eichberg estate, aged seventy-one.—Another death is reported in Berlin, that of Wilhelm Hartkäs, recognised as the "Nestor of organists." Herr Hartkäs had attained the age of seventy-seven.—It is now decided that a monument shall be erected to Etienne Méhul, at the same time rival and intimate friend of Cherubini, who dedicated to him his immortal opera, *Medea*. The site of the monument will be in one of the principal thoroughfares of Givet, Méhul's native town.—The death of Bernardino Ferrari, at Vercelli, in his seventy-third year, is announced. Ferrari, a violinist of considerable repute, was, at one period, leader of the Ducal orchestra at Parma; later on, conductor at the Scala, Milan; and lastly teacher at the Conservatory and Institution for the Blind in the Lombardian capital. For some years previous to his death he was afflicted with complete deafness.—Albert Niemann, the celebrated Wagnerian tenor, has once more accepted a five months' engagement at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, where they cannot well dispense with his services, for although his voice shows signs of decay, he is still incomparably the best dramatic tenor on the German stage.—It is stated that Herr Lévy, the Jewish musician from the capital of Bavaria, who conducted the recent performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, has been baptised a Christian. Can this result be traced to the incessant contemplation of the characters and incidents of what Liszt calls this *œuvre-miracle*? *Credat Julius!*—Bottesini, the great contrabassist, has composed the music for an "idyll," the author of the book of which is Duke Proto. It is to be performed at the Ducal Palace, Bivona.—Madame Minnie Hauk starts for her American trip to-day. She returns to Europe in the spring.—Herr Bilse, "the people's conductor," as the Berliners patronisingly style him, has begun his new series of performances at the Concerthaus, with an entirely new orchestra, which, under his direction, seems to be in no wise inferior to the old one, the members of which abandoned him to a man and set up on their own account.



THE IMPROVEMENT in the health of the Primate, which so happily succeeded the discouraging "increase of feverishness" reported towards the middle of last week, continues to be well maintained, and the tone of the daily bulletins is decidedly more hopeful. Although all danger cannot be said to have passed away, there is clearly now considerable confidence that the Archbishop's great vitality will triumph in the end over every attack.

THANKSGIVING DAY was very generally observed throughout the country, and sermons appropriate to the occasion were preached, among others, by the Rev. Wheeler Bush and Canon Duckworth at Westminster and St. Paul's, and in the country by Bishop Fraser at Manchester, and the Bishop of Durham at Sunderland. Te Deums were sung in the Roman Catholic chapels in the Diocese of Westminster, and a thanksgiving at the Greek Church in the Moscow Road. The Chief Rabbi also issued a form of prayer to be used on Thursday last, the first day of the Festival of Tabernacles, before the prayer for the Queen and Royal Family. The Bishop of London has written from Milan requesting any of his clergy who have not



observed the day to do so on Sunday next, and strongly recommending the form of thanksgiving prepared by the Archbishop of York.

**THE ANTI-VICAR'S RATE WAR** in Coventry is apparently at an end. At a meeting on Monday last, attended by most of the leading citizens, it was decided to raise a fund for the peaceable extinction of the obnoxious rate, the collection of subscriptions being left to the Mayor and a committee of five others nominated by him. 750*l.* towards the requisite 5,000*l.* were collected in the room. Some voluntary peace-makers had previously appeased the wrath of the Dissenters by paying the distress warrants, and returning the goods seized to their respective owners.

A REPORT that the well-known Father Ignatius is collecting money for the restoration of Llanthony Abbey has drawn forth an amusing letter from Mr. Walter Savage Landor, "heir and lord of the manor of Llanthony." Mr. Landor writes to warn "Mr. Ignatius not to trespass or meddle with his property"—"he has given orders to his agent not to allow any monks to skulk about the place." He "hopes the announcement will put a stop to subscriptions which cannot restore Llanthony Abbey."

**THE FUNERAL OF DR. PUSEY** on Thursday last week is described by the *Guardian* as "one of the most remarkable displays which Oxford University ever witnessed." Mr. Gladstone was one of the eight pall-bearers, and Cardinal Newman was represented by Father A. W. Hutton, of the Oratory. After the funeral a meeting was held at Canon Bright's to take preliminary steps towards a memorial. It is rumoured that the late Professor's library has been bequeathed, like that of his friend Keble, to Keble College.

**THE INDIAN CONTINGENT OF THE SALVATION ARMY**—three men and one young woman—have unfavourably impressed the people of Bombay. They made their entry into the city in a procession of bullock carts, one of the leaders blowing a trumpet—an act forbidden by the police regulations—for which he was at once taken into custody, and the young woman, robed in yellow, playing on a tambourine. The natives at first laughed, taking them for circus performers, but on discovering their mistake became angry, and tried to drown their addresses with the din of tom-toms. Some apprehensions are entertained of serious disturbances. At Yeovil several people have been heavily fined for assaults upon the Army; and at Dunfermline, where the magistrates refused to grant them further protection, their place of meeting was completely wrecked. The riot, which the police, when at last called upon to act, were for a long time powerless to suppress, has been described as "exceeding anything which has been seen since the Corn Law times."

**INDIGNANT POSSIBLY AT THE PREMIER'S PRESENCE** at Dr. Pusey's funeral, a correspondent of a weekly journal has made the discovery that Mr. Gladstone's name spelt in Greek letters makes the number of the Beast. Unfortunately, to prove the point the name must be pronounced as a word of three syllables—Gladstōne.



**MRS. LANGTRY'S** appearance at the *Imperial Theatre* in the character of *Rosalind* is a more ambitious flight than any she has yet attempted. It has been attended with a certain degree of success; and though far from being an ideally perfect impersonation, has certainly yielded pleasure to her admirers. The lady has a graceful bearing, a pleasing voice, and a winning manner, and she is indefatigable in studying the art of turning these gifts to account. Most novices fail to show themselves perfectly acquainted with their parts; but Mrs. Langtry, whatever may be her shortcomings, is never wanting in this respect. She not only knows what the players call her lines, but has them always ready at her tongue's end. If she often fails to give to passages thus acquired by rote the spontaneous air of utterances coming naturally from the heart and mind, that is only saying that she has not yet acquired the final and most difficult part of her art. It is a good sign when a beginner shows herself studious to acquire all that mere teaching can impart; and this at least may be said of her. From first to last there is no awkward pause in her performances, no point when, having nothing to say, she is for the moment out, so to speak, of the scene. All the little details of appropriate gesture, action, and expression which are so painfully wanting as a rule in amateur performers are with her neither missing nor slurred over. This will be felt at once if her performances are compared even with so distinguished an amateur as Lady Monckton. What her *Rosalind* wants is a more complete—or what consummate art might make to seem a more complete—abandonment to the joyous frankness and delightful spirit of banter of this beautiful creation of the poet, joined with a truer touch of pathos in those occasional tender passages which denote the depths of her nature. We must not omit to mention that Mrs. Langtry, in the *Forest of Arden*, does not adopt Miss Litton's high leathern gaiters, but returns to the traditional doublet and hose in accordance with the text—though the term hose to be sure had a less restricted meaning in Shakespeare's days. In her long mouse-coloured doublet, trimmed with claret-coloured ribbons matching her hose, it is needless to say that she is a handsome representative of the part. Mrs. Langtry's engagement closes this evening—her last appearance before her departure for the United States.

The long expected revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the *Lyceum* is fixed for Wednesday, October 11th. As already announced Mr. Irving will play Benedick to the Beatrice of Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Howe plays Antonio, Mr. Terriss Don Pedro, Mr. Forbes Robertson Claudio, Mr. Calhaem Verges, Mr. S. Johnson Dogberry, Mr. Fernandez Leonato, and Mr. Mead the Friar. *Romeo and Juliet* will be given for the last time on the afternoon of the Saturday preceding.

Mr. Irving announces that the *Lyceum* company will be absent from London for ten months from next July, and that it is his intention before that time to present in succession, and for a limited number of nights, the various plays forming the *répertoire* of the coming tour in America and elsewhere. These will consist of *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Lyons Mail*, *The Bells*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *Richelieu*, *Charles I.*, *Louis XI.*, to which will be added another of Shakespeare's plays.

The *HAYMARKET Theatre* will reopen for the season on Saturday, October 7th, when the late Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy *The Overland Route* will be revived. In this amusing piece Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will reappear, together with Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Conway, and other prominent members of the Haymarket company. The performances will commence with a new monologue written and acted by Mr. Brookfield.

Mr. Henry Pettitt's four-act drama, the *Black Flag*, originally produced three years ago at the Grecian, was revived at *SADLER'S WELLS* last Saturday with great success. John Glyndon, the villain (Mr. G. Stretton), was vociferously hissed, which is always a compliment; the manly Harry Glyndon (Mr. E. N. Hallows) was received with great favour; Mr. Mat Robson caused much laughter as the humorous Jew, Sim Lazarus; while Miss Marie Forde displayed considerable pathos as the poor lad Ned.

Messrs. Stephens and Solomon, in the course of an "interview" with the *New York Herald* reporter, stated they had nearly finished a new comic opera, *Paul and Virginia*, and were about to begin an opera on an American subject, which would probably be named *Paul Jones*. The story by Bernardin de St. Pierre will be treated in a novel fashion, and a skit upon society beauties will form a feature of the libretto.

According to the same paper, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the celebrated American tragedian, who recently visited England non-professionally, will return here next summer to fulfil an engagement as *Richelieu* at *DRURY LANE*.

Miss Lila Clay's novel experiment at the *OPERA COMIQUE* will begin on Thursday, October 12th. Mr. Reece's operetta will be entitled *On Condition*, and it will be performed entirely by ladies.

The Messrs. Crauford announce their annual benefit at the *BRITANNIA Theatre* next Wednesday. Mrs. S. Lane will play Nelly O'Neil in *Green Bushes*, while Miss M. A. Victor and Messrs. Clynds and Monkhouse will also appear.



**THE TURF.**—There are not a few real lovers of racing who look on the Autumn Meetings at Newmarket as the most enjoyable of the year; and certainly the famous Heath, when the weather is genial towards the close of September, is a very pleasant spot for out-door pastime. The meeting there this week, called according to custom the First October, has been fairly favoured with sunshine and warmth, while the sport has been quite up to the average, if not above it. A good field of nine came to the post for the first race, the Trial Stakes, for which naturally enough Valentino, with Fordham up, was made favourite, but Archer, on Lord Ellesmere's Boswell, beat him by a neck, after a hard fight. The Great Foal Stakes, worth over 2,000*l.*, was the great event of the opening day, and there was considerable interest felt as to whether Dutch Oven would carry her 7 lb. penalty as a St. Leger winner should do and beat Nellie. This she did with comparative ease, Nellie running a dead heat for second with Shrewsbury. As the latter carried 8 st. 7 lbs., only 2 lbs. less than Nellie, —he naturally made a great spring in the Cesarewitch market, and at the time of writing is freely backed as first favourite at 4 to 1. His weight for the great handicap is only 6 st. 12 lbs., and it cannot be denied that his prospects seem very good. Saucy Boy in a field of ten, and but little fancied, landed the First Nursery for Sir John Astley, who has not this season had much success. For the Thirty-third Triennial, both Cameliard and Falkirk were preferred to the once peerless Thebas, but she won easily enough from the first-named. In the Hopeful Stakes for Two-Year-Olds the main question was whether Macheath could give 3 lbs. to Beau Brummel, and it was answered in the affirmative, Lord Hastings' colt winning by a neck, and showing that he had gone on all right since he pulled up lame at Stockbridge. Dutch Oven had a "benefit" in the Thirty-fourth Triennial. As she had no penalty to carry, 10 to 1 was laid on her, and she won in a common canter from Amalfi, Zeus, and two others. The Great Eastern Handicap field of eleven showed poorly when contrasted with that of twenty-three last year, and a veritable outsider in the shape of Mr. P. Lorillard's Aranza, who started at 20 to 1, secured it, beating the first favourite, Hornpipe, in a canter by six lengths. The Americans have had but a poor time of it this year on our turf, and therefore this victory should not be grudged them.—Though the Cesarewitch is not likely to produce a large field a fortnight hence, a good many horses are being substantially backed. Shrewsbury, as already intimated, is first favourite at 4 to 1, and City Arab, who may be taken as the Simon Pure of the Duke of Hamilton's lot, is next in demand, and seems genuine goods. For the Cambridgeshire Bruce has gone somewhat badly in the market, and Tristan, Sachem, and Bookmaker are the best supported. Nellie's dead heat with Shrewsbury, above mentioned, sent her back in the betting, but she afterwards returned to 20 to 1.

**CRICKET.**—The Australians have now played their last match, and beaten a strong "England" Eleven of Gentlemen and Professionals at Harrogate by four wickets, thus concluding a very successful visit, socially and financially, as well as from a pure cricket point of view. They were "banqueted" at the Criterion on Thursday evening, and sail for America on the 30th. Their record is 38 matches played; 23 won; 4 lost; and 11 drawn. Murdoch (captain) heads their batting averages with 30; and Horan stands next with 25, and Massie with 24. For bowling Boyle and Spofforth head the list with averages of 11 and 12 respectively—not counting decimals. It may be noted that four English players who played against them in four or more matches made higher batting averages than the Australian captain.—Referring back to the inter-county cricket of this busy season, Lancashire stands first with 10 matches won, 1 lost, and 3 drawn. Then comes Nottinghamshire, and in succession of merit follow Yorkshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Gloucestershire, Kent, Sussex, and Derbyshire.

**COURSING.**—The commencement of this sport reminds us that the year is passing away. At Gosford Park they have led off with a successful meeting, at which the Derby was divided between Mr. T. Bell's Wightman and Mr. T. Melville's Melfort, and the Oaks between the last-named gentleman's Melody and Mr. J. Hawkins's Stormy Night. The Gosford Stakes with Silver Cup fell to Mr. Brisco's Ben-y-Lair.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

In "Songs of Many Days," by "K. C." (Marcus Ward), we recognise the work of a thoughtful writer with a musical ear, but there is not much originality in the verses. The classical monologues suggest not unpleasant echoes of some of Tennyson's earlier work, but the lyrical poems are best, notably "A Ballad of Love and Death," which barely misses the highest standard.

Both good and bad work is to be found in "Storm Drift: Poems and Sonnets" by H. E. Clarke (David Bogue), but on the whole the volume hardly bears out the promise of its predecessor. We still recognise the old gift of melody, and this at times amounts, as in "A Story of Salerno," to a distinct echo of Keats; but there may be some little fear whether the author is not becoming mannered. The address "To Ebenezer Jones" is rather turgid than powerful, and we should advise Mr. Clarke to suppress the sonnet "Desecration" in future editions. On the other hand, the "Ballad of the Haunted Glade" and "The Marshal's Triumph" are extremely good, especially the latter; and the lines "To a Disconsolate Poet" convey sound philosophy.

The treatment of "Orpheus and Eurydice," a poem, dedicated to "J. E. C." (W. Poole), points to a juvenile authorship; some facility of rhyming is shown, but there is a decided tendency to take the fatal step from the sublime, and the writer seems at times to be not quite sure what he is talking about. If "paly-parted lips" is to be understood in the literal heraldic sense, the Thracian singer's face must have presented a most singular appearance.

The same classic story is treated in the chief piece of "Orpheus and Eurydice, and Other Poems," by Charles Richard Panter, M.D., &c. (Simpkin and Marshall), but neither is this version very satisfactory. We should much like to know the meaning of the epithet

"stroaned" as applied to cattle, and, if grammar goes for anything, it must have been Orpheus, and not Cerberus, who was "balked of one he deemed his lawful prey." It might have been wiser to leave the bard's songs to the reader's imagination, but here is a description of a highly unpleasant and abnormal reptile:

A sheeny snake shot hissing from its coil,  
And poising on its tail, in many a bound,  
It cleared the copse, and on its way did toil;  
And zigzag wriggling, hid amidst the flowery soil.

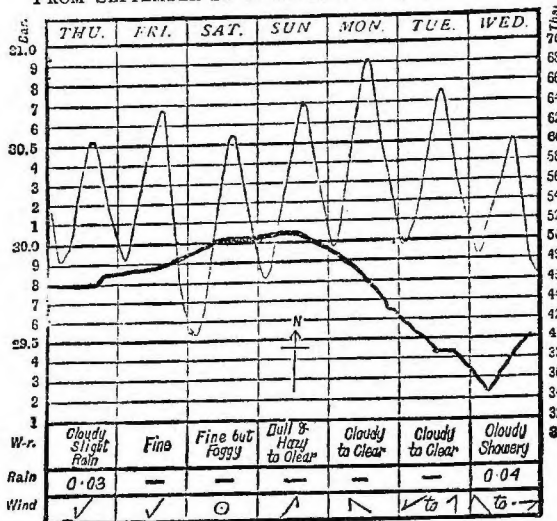
"Maiden Tower" deals, not unmusically, with the world-old legend of the black and white flags; but far the best thing in the volume is "The Bold Outlaw," which has narrowly escaped being a fine and spirited ballad. By-the-by, what is a "sonnetine?" Dr. Panter also sends us, through the same publishers, "Political Cookery, including a Liberal Bill of Fare," a rhythmical satire, which is not likely seriously to damage the cause of the present Government.

"Scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress," by Richard Bell Rutter (Trübner), treats some of the more striking episodes in Bunyan's allegory in good and scholarly Spenserian metre; but there was naturally but little room for exercise of the poetic faculty.

We have also to acknowledge a new and improved edition of "The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil," translated into English verse by the Rev. J. W. King (E. Stanford), and of the third volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s "Parchement Library" edition of Shakespeare, containing *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM SEPTEMBER 21 TO SEPTEMBER 27 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week has been, upon the whole, fair, but at the close of the time conditions were quickly becoming unsettled. During the early part of the week the barometer was higher to the north-westward of us than elsewhere, and our wind was consequently north-easterly, but by the end of the period some depressions had appeared, and the wind consequently drew into west. Temperature has been, upon the whole, low for the time of year, but on Monday (25th inst.), when some bright sunshine was experienced, the thermometer rose to 68°. On Wednesday (27th inst.) it did not exceed 60°. Slight rain fell on Thursday (21st inst.), and some showers on Wednesday (27th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.04 inches) on Sunday (24th inst.); lowest (29.25 inches) on Wednesday (27th inst.); range, 0.79 inches. Temperature was highest (68°) on Monday (25th inst.); lowest (41°) on Saturday (23rd inst.); range, 27°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.06 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.04 inches, on Wednesday (27th inst.).



A GENTLEMAN "who desires to see the last of the Tichborne case" has forwarded 100*l.* to Messrs. C. Orton and D. Smith to enable them to take their passage to Australia to identify, if possible, the patient Cresswell in the Parramatta Lunatic Asylum, whom the Claimant now maintains to be the real Arthur Orton. Meanwhile, the self-styled "Lady Tichborne" has become an inmate of the South Stoneham Union, near Southampton. She had been supported out of a fund raised by believers in her husband, but certain irregularities, of which the birth of three young children was visible evidence, have caused the allowance to be withdrawn.

**THE INDICTMENT** in the case of Charles Soutar, charged with stealing the body of the late Earl of Crawford from the vault at Duncuch, was received in Aberdeen this week. Soutar adheres to his former story, and will plead not guilty. Sixty-one witnesses will be summoned for the trial, which takes place at Edinburgh on October 23rd. The maximum punishment is two years' imprisonment.

**AT THE CROYDON PETTY SESSIONS**, on Saturday, Mr. J. Pain, the well-known firework manufacturer, was summoned at the instance of Colonel Majendie, Government Inspector, for keeping more than 10,000 lbs. of fireworks in a single building. In one magazine there were 15,000 lbs., and in another part of the grounds were seventy-three fully charged rocket bodies lying about quite unprotected. The defence was that Mr. Pain had been absent in the country; but as it was shown that he had offended twice before, he was sentenced to pay in fines and costs a total of 61*l.* 19*s.*

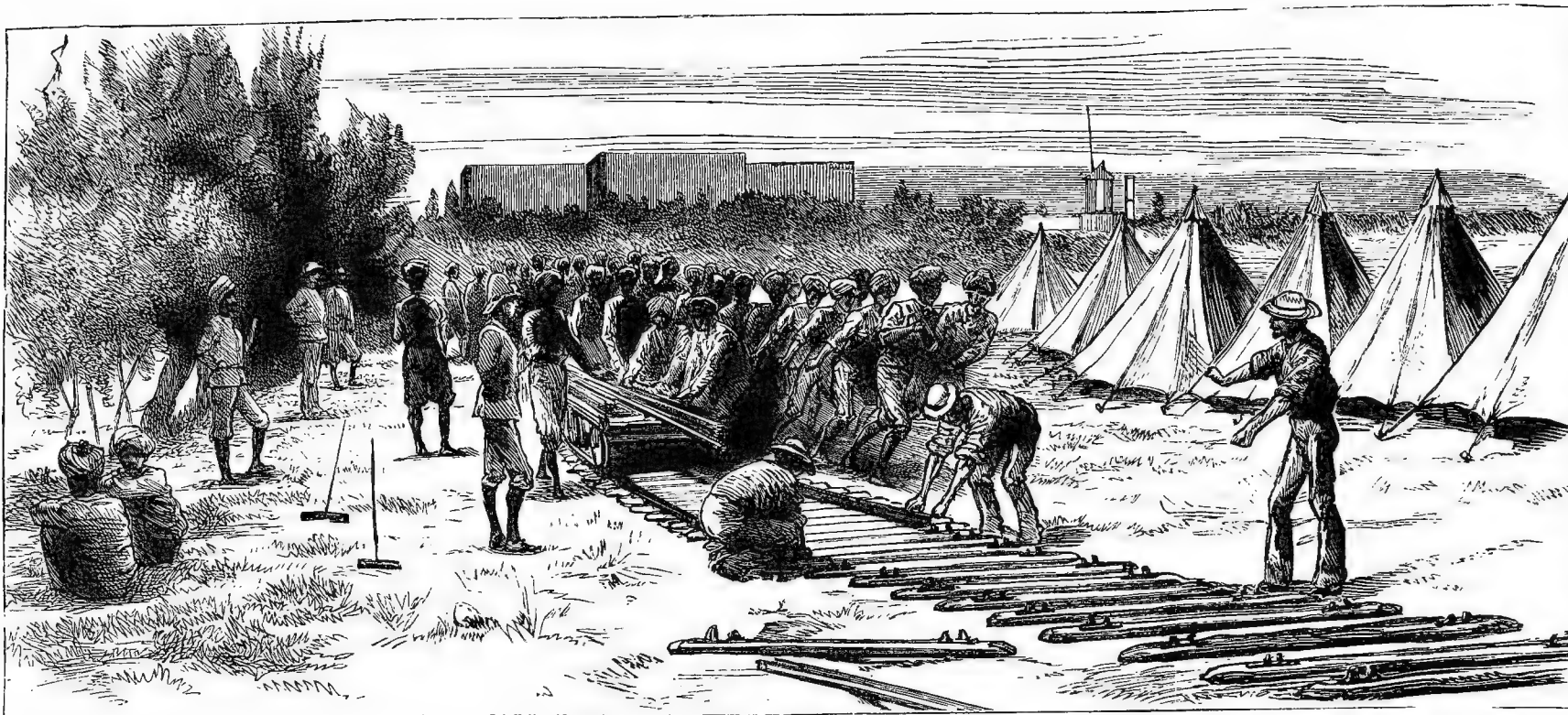
**UNDER** the stimulus of an order from the Local Government Board to erect a new workhouse at Upton, at a cost of 100,000*l.*, the guardians of the Holborn Union have conceived a somewhat ingenious device. It is simply the establishment of a Poor Law Clearing House, to which weekly returns should be sent of all places vacant in the workhouses throughout the country, that paupers might be transferred from overcrowded Unions to those in which there was abundant room. The saving in new and costly buildings would, it is said, sensibly reduce the poor's-rate everywhere.

**AT THE GUILDHALL**, on Wednesday, Gold and Bardrick, the clerks who robbed their employers last July of 10,000*l.* worth of foreign bonds and other moneys, came up before the sitting alderman for the first hearing. They had been traced to Barcelona, where they were arrested by the Spanish police at the request of the British Minister.

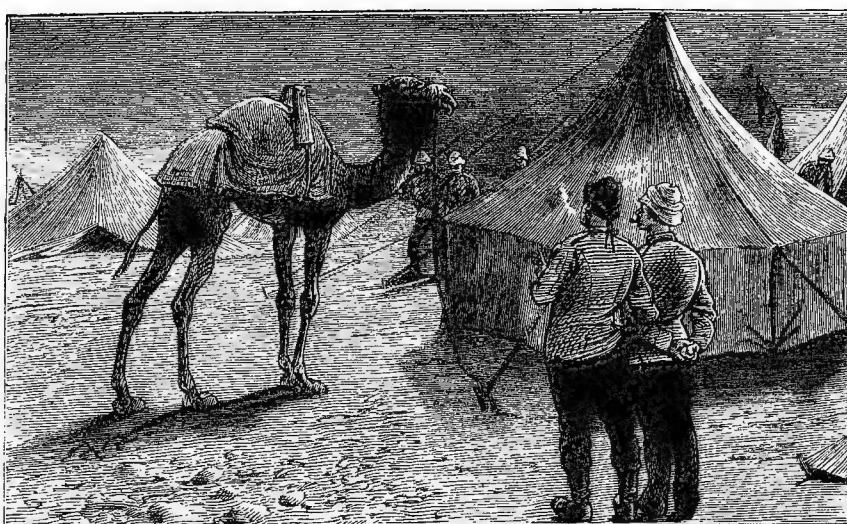
**BURGLARIES AND HOUSE ROBBERIES** still fill no inconsiderable portion of the papers. At Birmingham a party of burglars, surprised while breaking open a merchant's safe, fired repeated shots at their pursuers, and ultimately effected their escape.—At Preston the frequent infraction of dwelling houses has compelled the authorities to employ a special force of detectives; and in the Norwood district

(Continued on page 334)

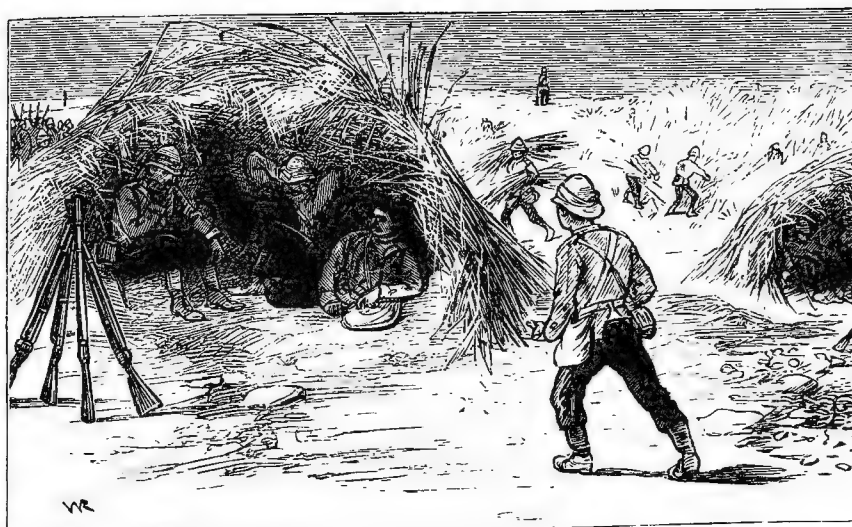




MAKING A NEW RAILWAY LINE, ISMAILIA  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

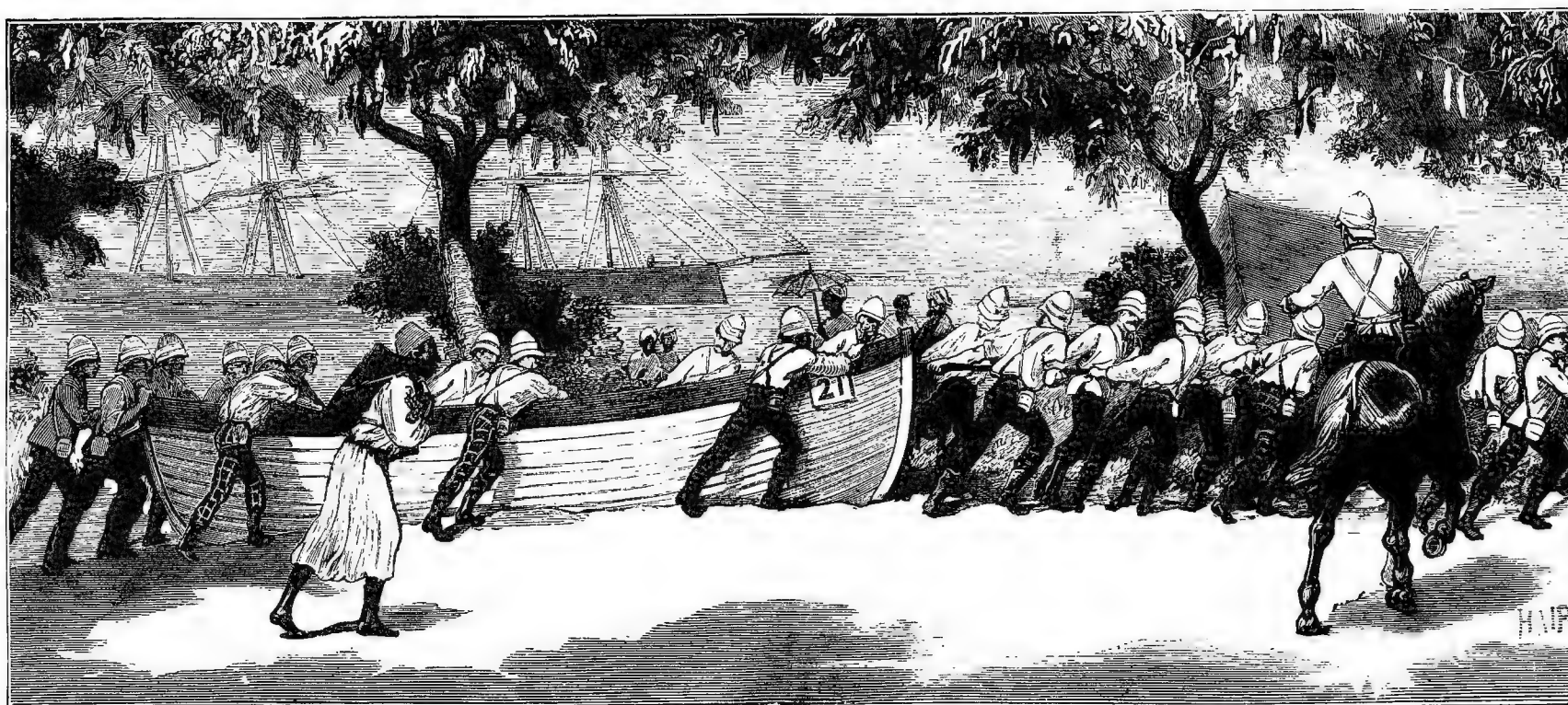


"CAPTURED"—A MOONLIGHT SKETCH IN CAMP, MAHSAMEH



A BIVOUAC OF ROYAL MARINES AT MAHSAMEH

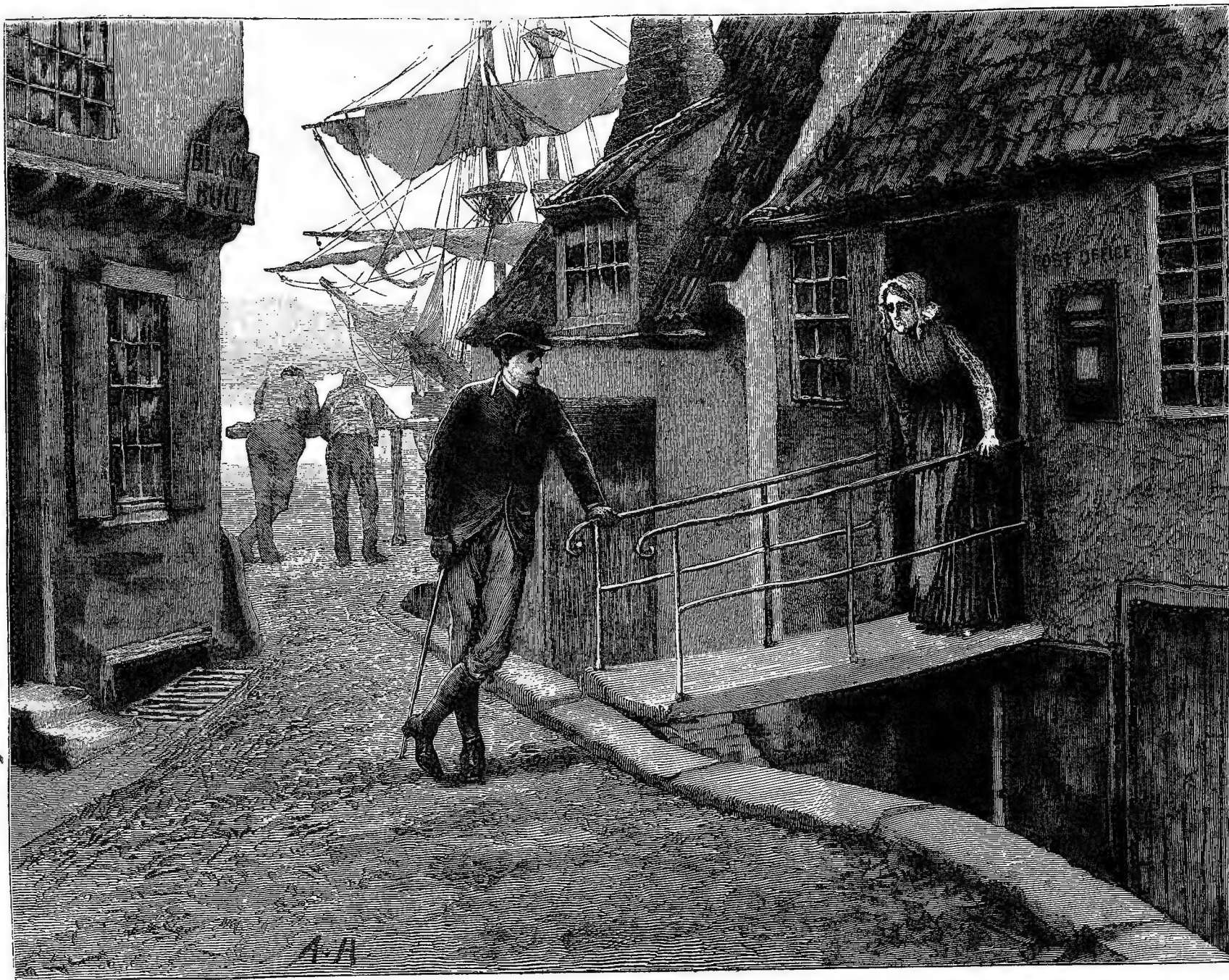
From Sketches by an Officer of the Royal Marines



ISMAILIA—THE BLACK WATCH DRAGGING BOATS FROM THE MARITIME TO THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

THE WAR IN EGYPT





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Kit and the Postmistress.

## KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### EASILY OFFENDED

THERE are some men who are never at a loss how to meet the greeting of other people in a conciliatory spirit; who will not see chill offence, though it is as obvious as an iceberg; and who can turn the sharpest thrust of cynicism and dislike aside with a light reply. But even to such masters of themselves, when after a long absence from the paternal roof their father extends but a single finger to meet their filial grasp, the situation is embarrassing; and when the words "Umph, so you've come back," are added, there is little left in the way of awkwardness to make the situation complete. In the case of Mr. Garston, senior, moreover, there was an appropriate garnish even to this cold fare. His face was as hard as a stone as he turned it on his son, and gloomy with suspicion.

"Yes; I arrived an hour ago, father," answered Kit, cheerfully, "and brought Mark with me."

"Here?" and from under his thunderous brows the eyes of the speaker seemed to flash fire.

"Oh no; I dropped him at the Knoll."

Then again was uttered that "Umph," as significant in the British mouth as the Indian "Ugh," and the attorney turned his back upon his son and walked moodily into the house.

The next moment his study door was closed and locked behind him.

"Pretty," murmured Kit, as he stood thoughtfully outside it, "very pretty."

Then he turned into his sister's room, who stood on the threshold anxiously awaiting him.

"What did he say to you?" she whispered, eagerly.

"He said 'Umph,'" and with an exact imitation of his father's tone and manner Kit projected his forefinger. "I may be the Prodigal, but there the parallel ends; there was not a vestige of the fatted calf."

"Oh, Kit, how can you?" she pleaded. "I believe you would jest on your death bed."

"But not on yours, Trenna, not on yours," he answered, with tender pathos, "I hold one thing sacred yet. I hold it here," and he clasped her in his arms.

"Do you think he suspects?" she whispered, returning his embrace with hot and trembling hands.

"He knows."

"Great heavens! Oh no, no, no, Kit. If he had known he would have been worse than that."

"The deuce he would! Then he must have very fine capabilities

in the way of making himself disagreeable. Oh yes, he knows well enough, Trenna."

"Then why did he not speak?"

"Because he has not yet the proof."

"But suppose he does get it?"

"Let us hope he will not. If you are right about Meade he never will. And even if he does, I look upon the worst as over, since he knows the worst. He may have more to say, but he has no more to feel. His wrath will fizzle away like a damp squib; there will be no display of fireworks. It is like the talk I have just had with him, or rather—for he said nothing—the mere meeting with him; the idea of it was as bad as the thing itself, but the ice is broken and it's over."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, Trenna. I know him down to his boots. The worst is over. If what you fear comes to pass—if the proof comes—why then I shall have to go. But I mean to go in any case."

"What! To leave home, Kit?"

"No," he answered vehemently, "for there is no home, nor ever was, save that you were in it; but to leave this doghole for a real home made for myself and for you, Trenna. Then for the first time you and I will know what it is to be happy."

She smiled. It was a smile full of love, but scarcely of happiness, or even of the expectation of it. "You will do your very best for me, dear Kit," she said, "I know."

"Does Meade come home for Christmas?" he inquired presently.

"Oh yes; the Doctor is looking forward to it with such delight and pride as—as—is only natural."

She had not meant to end her sentence that way. Something in Kit's face had caused her to reconsider her words. She knew that he was thinking of the difference between his welcome home and what that of Frank would be.

"Poor old Rachel," she went on, hurriedly, "is in as great a state of excitement about it as her master. She has quite got over her trouble about Abel, I am glad to say."

"And where is Abel?"

"Still at the Dovecote. The Doctor has found, or pretended to find, some sort of employment for him. What is very curious your father made him an offer to return here at increased wages. He did not accept it, but the proposal has given great satisfaction, as it affords proof positive—"

"Of how little they know the Governor," put in Kit, with a sneer. "Why, that is the very thing he would do if he had still doubts."

"He has no doubts, however, as to Abel now."

"I suppose not," replied Kit, thoughtfully, "and yet it is clear he hates the Medways as much as ever. It's a bad look-out all round, Trenna, but that attempt to get hold of Abel is the worst of it all in my opinion. That is your opinion too, though you don't like to say it. You wish to give me heart and hope and not to depress me. Is it not so, my darling, my mother and sister in one?"

She did not reply, but regarded him with ineffable love and tenderness; if she had spoken she would have utterly broken down; her nature was one of those which can resist misfortune and endure misery, but which are wax to the impress of affection.

"Well, well, there is nothing to be gained by croaking, and for my part I have nothing to ask of fortune in this matter but a little time. I should like to keep in with the Governor for a few months longer, I confess, so that I might take my degree."

"Your degree? Why I thought you used to laugh at the notion of any advantage to be derived from that."

"So I did, and so I do, Trenna. It would never have earned me a sixpence, even if it should have been a good one, which of course is now out of the question."

Into learned rags I've rent my plush and satin,  
And now am fit to beg—in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin

is as true a saying as ever, but the taking my degree would give me an excuse which the Governor would admit (if he remains open to reason at all) for spending another term at Cambridge; and I should like you to see Cambridge."

She turned her eyes upon him with a quick intelligent look of inquiry, such as one sees in a singing bird, or a pet spaniel.

"I think I can imagine Cambridge," she said, quietly.

"The place of course; but not the people. It is a picturesque sort of life enough, and quite peculiar to itself. I should like too to hear your opinion upon Braithwaite."

"And to hear Braithwaite's opinion upon me," she answered, smiling.

"I should certainly like to hear it, Trenna, since I am sure it would be a favourable one. A very nice fellow, taking him altogether, is Robert Braithwaite."

"But, I gather from your tone, with drawbacks."

"Nay, scarcely that; but he is inclined, for one thing, to be suspicious. I should have liked him to know me, as the phrase goes, at home; but that, alas, is impossible. On the other hand, wherever you are is my home, and if he saw your fondness for me perhaps he would imagine that I was worthy of it."







excess is that vegetables have as yet taken their proper place at so very few English tables.

The author of the "Pays des Millions" is a typical Frenchman, sparkling, full of dash, and given to generalise and to deal with facts a little after the fashion of Procrustes. His book is a striking contrast to that of M. Gallenga. The Italian travelled from one end of the land to the other, and had nothing to say which had not already been said in the newspapers. M. Tissot has travelled too, and promises that in six months we shall have his book. Meanwhile he gives us in "Russians and Germans" (Remington) his dictum about Nihilism and a history of its founders; a sketch of the Russian Universities and of new Russia in its relations to new Germany, &c. Nihilism, he thinks, is not a whit more dangerous than German Socialism, with Most in London and Hasselmann in New York as its apostles; and his picture of the poverty and degradation in the suburbs of Berlin is so fearful that his analysis of Prince Chtcherbatof's pamphlet on the "Decline of Manners in Russia" seems weak in comparison. The book is worth reading, for, given though he is to hasty induction, M. Tissot keeps on the whole pretty close to Tourgenieff, than whom he could not have a safer guide. Higher education for women is all very well, but if it results in the cleverest and most intelligent girls going in for Nihilism we would rather have nothing to do with it.

"Three-Cornered Essays," by a "Middle-class Englishman" (Hogg, Exeter Street) may well be contrasted with "Essays at Home and Elsewhere" (Macmillan), by the American Nadal. The Englishman savours both of Charles Lamb and of A. K. H. B., who indeed is what the London wig-maker's son might have become had he been brought up in Scotland, and therefore taught to be didactic. "On Reading Between the Lines," "Concerning Recreation," and "On Giving and Taking," are in Mr. Boyd's style. "On Becoming Middle-Aged," and "On the Advantages of Keeping a Five-pound Note in One's Pocket," are Lamb-like—with a difference. It would be cruel to say that they are cold lamb, but without the sauce. The American teaches us how to appreciate our own authors, from Collins to Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Bagehot. He also has a good paper on Bryant and one on Artemus Ward, whose well-known admiration of his own jokes, of which he never got tired, he freely acknowledges. His pretty picture of a rural village not far from New York reminds us that country life in America can be old-fashioned and idyllic, even if it cannot compare in these respects with that of the Sussex which he also so pleasantly describes. It is strange to hear him say that an American gets to like English scenery less and less the longer he is in it. "The excess of art and cultivation he feels to be a sort of impurity." We advise Paterfamilias to order both books, and to try to get his young people to take up them instead of the sorry novels of which this year has seen even a ranker crop than usual.

"Roumania, Past and Present" (Longmans) takes us right on from Trajan to Constantine Rossetti, whose heroic wife, *née* Grant, is the subject of a chapter in Michelet's "Légendes Démocratiques du Nord." Mr. Samuelson is right in estimating at *nil* the average Englishman's acquaintance with Roumanian history and politics. A few of us know something about the scenery and the picturesque costumes of which this work contains autotypes; but of the peaceful creation, for instance, of a peasant proprietary sixteen years ago, few have even heard; and yet the analogy of Ireland ought to make the subject deeply interesting. Mr. Samuelson, impressed with the advantages that have come to Roumania from a peasant proprietary, thinks that something of the same kind, coupled with "autonomy" (*i.e.*, a certain measure of Home Rule), is the panacea for Ireland. Pat, like the Roumanian peasant, is slow to move, *i.e.*, out of his working groove; but then he works hard. In both countries drinking is one of the greatest curses. Most of the Roumanian architecture is Turkish in style; the exquisite little cathedral of Curtea d'Ardeş is just like a Mahomedan saint's tomb. This is one of the buildings to which is attached the legend that the head-mason's wife was built up in its wall as the only way of ensuring its permanence. We are glad to hear that King Charles knows his adopted country well, and has ridden or walked through every pass of the Carpathians.

"The Coming Democracy" (Macmillan) must not be confounded with a popular American novel bearing a similar title. The latter is hyper-realistic, the former ideal. Mr. Harwood has a great deal of faith. Though he admits that the world's rule is: "Might is right," he is sanguine enough to believe that our future masters will go in strongly for an Established Church (which, by the way, is to be quite national), and that they will be firm believers in the rights of property, inasmuch as a large proportion of them will themselves be property owners. His view of the Church question is on the whole correct: To separate religion from politics is to create an *imperium in imperio* which ultimately becomes supreme. Life can't be cut up into secular and religious, for religion is the spirit which should animate all duty. Democracy, he notes, does not mean mob-rule; indeed, one of its chief dangers always has been an excessive tendency to hero-worship. This is seen in Ireland where, *faute de mieux*, the most unlikely men are made into heroes, those who might be worshipped taking care to stay away as persistently as though they had no concern with the country. Nor does democracy, Mr. Harwood thinks, mean the material levelling of classes; and his hint that what is will largely influence what will be even as itself is largely the result of what has been, is much needed by some of our theorists. He thinks that our manufacturing supremacy is doomed; but that from her position and the energy of her people England will still be the commercial head of the world.

Shway Yoe, "subject of the Great Queen," has gone to Yule, Forbes, and Bastian to learn what would most interest foreigners in "The Burman: His Life and Notions" (Macmillan). Whether through hints found in their books, or through mother-wit, he has certainly succeeded. His two volumes are very interesting; they have a freshness which is wanting in the raciest European descriptions of Eastern manners. He goes through the Burman's life from cradle to grave, and gives of course a chapter on the vexed question of Nirvana. Then he describes monasteries, pagodas, feasts, races, etiquette, army, revenue-system—everything that is needful to make his work really exhaustive. We are sorry to find that in Burmah as elsewhere there is a class of Englishmen whose conduct does not tend to exalt the national name. These men behave at New Year's feasts, and other occasions when it is the custom to keep open house, as they would at a low music-hall; the Burmans revenge themselves by caricature. It is unpleasant to be told that "the clown's jokes are much broader when Englishmen are present than when the play is acted solely before a native audience. This is due to the impression which makes a Burman always bring out brandy and beer for a white man's refreshment." Shway Yoe shows a wonderful mastery of English and a thorough acquaintance with English modes of thought. His dedication to his mother is very touching.

In the "Parthenon Frieze, and Other Essays" (Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Thomas Davidson fears he may be accused of treating German archaeologists and scholars with little respect. He does not think that his gratitude for their industry in collecting facts should lead him to blindly give up his own judgment. He holds that the Parthenon frieze has no connection whatever with the Pan-Athenaic festival, but represents a sacrifice which Plutarch says in his "Life of Pericles" was to have been offered by a convention from all the Greek States. The jealousy of the Spartans prevented the intention from being carried out; but the frieze was executed, just as Napoleon's column commemorating the conquest of England was set up at Boulogne. Of the other essays, the most interesting is that on "Œdipus Tyrannus," whom Mr. Davidson dethrones

from his traditional place as the strong man struggling with fate, and proves him to be a poor creature who ends by being a spectacle well-nigh for contempt. From the dedication we gather that our author is an American; we are glad to note so much promise in what is almost the firstfruits of American scholarship.



THIS YEAR'S WHEAT CROP, according to Sir John Lawes, is considerably above the average of the past seven years, and rather above the average of the decade, but on the general average of the country, which he takes at 28 bushels, he holds the crop of 1882 to be less than an average. His unmanured land gave 11 bushels against 13½ bushels on a thirty years' average; farmyard manure 32¼ bushels against 33½; and artificial manure 34½ against 34¾. The mean of this whole farm yield was 26¼ bushels to the acre against 27½ bushels to the acre on thirty years' average. Our food wants in the way of wheat Sir John Lawes puts at the very high figure of 25,000,000 qrs., and he believes that 16,000,000 qrs. import will be required. Sir John Lawes concludes his letter as follows: "Of the four factors which make up the sum of our wheat statistics, three of them, that is to say, the stocks, the home produce, and the consumption, are simply based upon the best estimates we can make. Imports alone can be said to rest on reliable figures. In conclusion, although the yield of the wheat crop may not be equal to expectation, all the other crops of the country generally are very good, and the prospects of agriculture are more favourable than they have been for several years past."

SCOTLAND.—The heavy exodus of the Scotch rural inhabitants since 1880 is telling sensibly both on the number of applicants for vacant farms, and on the supply of agricultural labourers. Many of the Scotch farmers' sons possessed of a little capital have recently gone to America or Canada, and they are much missed, all the more so now that bad times and agricultural depression have frightened townspeople from renting agricultural land. Farm labourers have been very scarce this season, and the good harvest Scotland has been blessed with has been got in under difficulties, and at a heavy price. Farmers, therefore, are naturally getting apprehensive regarding the supply of farm hands for the future. The crops in Scotland are stacking well, and wheat, barley, and oats are all reckoned above an average yield. Potatoes are a good crop, with little disease. Turnips are a good crop in the Lowlands, but poor in the Highlands. Cattle are doing well, and sheep are in excellent condition.

"BLACK, BUT COMELY," may well be said of the great black Martagon lily (*Martagon Catani*), to see which in its full perfection is worth a journey to Glasnevin. Thirty flowers on stout stems, seven and eight feet high, this splendid flower can be got to produce. Like most lilies, however, it is very variable. One year their grandeur and beauty surprises you, but the next you will have to seek for surprises in the gardens of your friends. The Martagon lily, we fancy, does best where the leaves and flowers enjoy full sunshine and air, but the root is in the shade. A disc round the stem, about six inches from the ground, secures this, while most other means of shading the ground block out the vitally important air.

PROPERTY IN SWARMED BEES.—A nice point of law has been left open by the Lindsey magistrates, who dismissed a case bearing upon this point, because "they thought no felonious intention had been shown." The point raised is this: When bees swarm and fly beyond their owners' premises, does the swarm become by law the property of the first captor, or if the swarming bees are kept in sight, pursued, and recaptured, does the original ownership continue? The matter is of importance to beekeepers.

A CATTLE PARK.—This is a bold experiment of Mr. Muntz, of Umberslade. He has a fine park, and he turns out the hardy Scotch polled cattle wild therein. They shift for themselves, bring their calves in the pastures like the deer do the fawns, and are extraordinarily free from disease.

POTATOES.—No fewer than two thousand dishes of potatoes have been exhibited at the International Show at the Crystal Palace. The chief prizes were obtained by new varieties, known as the Recorder, the De Keyser, the Sir Walter Raleigh, and the James Abbiss. The White Elephant potatoes attracted much notice by reason of their enormous size.

CHESHIRE CHEESE SHOW.—There were 122 entries at this Exhibition, which has just been held at Chester. The bulk of the cheese exhibited was what is locally known as acid, or early cheese, that is, cheese which has been made acid, in order to ripen quickly for consumption, and to meet the Lancashire taste. The "lads" of that county will not eat the mild-flavoured sweet cheese which pleases Southern palates. At this show the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Siddorn, of Tarporley, were the principal prize takers. Up to 90s. per cwt. was made for prize cheese sold by auction after the show.

CATTLE AND SHEEP.—We are glad to learn that the average losses in the transport of stock across the Atlantic are being materially diminished. The *Victoria* has just reached Liverpool from Boston with 682 head of bullocks, only one being lost in transport. This is considered by those "in the trade" as a remarkable achievement. It is strange that animals should be imported and then killed directly, and yet it yields a profit; for meat when killed in Liverpool always makes a higher price per stone than when imported in a dead state.—A Shropshire Flock Society is being formed, and, as forty leading breeders have already joined it, its success should be assured.—Next Thursday there will be a large and important sale of shorthorns at Duncombe Park.—At South-down stock sales recently very high prices have been obtained. At Ham Farm, Angmering, an average of 87s. was obtained for the ewes sold.—Agricultural authorities appear to be practically at one in believing that mutton will keep very dear for the remainder of the present year.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A white partridge has been killed at Keysoe, in Bedfordshire.—A fine peregrine falcon has been shot near Jarrow.—A ring ouzel has recently been caught in a garden at Highgate.—A snow bunting was captured at Aldeburgh on the 18th inst.—A little bittern has recently been shot in the Isle of Anglesey.—On the 17th inst. a swift was seen at Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire. This is an extraordinarily late appearance of the swift, which usually leaves England in mid-August.—A newt has been taken in a pool on Cader Idris. The height is 2,000 feet above the sea level, and newts have not previously been noticed as inhabiting other than lowland waters.—A fishing boat passing the Berengas sighted a dog on a rock. The dog, seeing the boat, jumped into the water, and swam to it. It is supposed to have been on board a steamer which had been lost a few days before off the Berengas, with all hands. The dog is a pointer.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Brough Agricultural Society have had a good show of shorthorns and of sheep.—The show of cattle and sheep at Ulverston on the 19th inst. was very satisfactory.—A general meeting of the Goat Society will be held at the Agricultural Hall on the 4th of October at 5 P.M.—At the Balloch Horse Fair, on the 14th inst., there was an excellent show of horses, yearlings fetching up to 80l., cart horses 60l. to 85l.



"THE MINISTER'S SON; OR, HOME WITH HONOURS," by M. C. Stirling (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), tells how the son of a Highland minister worked his way from the ranks to a commission, distinguishing himself against the Afghans, and finally winning a wife whose heart and hand alike had seemed hopelessly beyond him. Maiwand is one of the episodes, and its story is well told. Altogether, the novel is able and interesting, and contains some characters, especially among those who belong to the Scotch portion of the novel, which are treated with originality and humour. The faults of the novel are entirely owing to bad construction. The crisis of interest is reached too soon, and is followed by an after-plot, of a by no means exciting nature, which could very easily have been omitted. So long as the hero is in his native highlands or in Afghanistan everything is interesting, and to a very great extent novel: and, this being the case, the more ordinary elements of fiction which make up the latter portion are inevitably disappointing, and even a little wearisome. This is so distinctly a war novel in its intention that it should have been constructed in a form to correspond with its spirit, and the plot might easily have been so arranged as to make the conventionally necessary marriage coincide with the hero's return "home with honours." For the rest, the novel merits only praise. We may look for a considerable amount of war fiction, and the prospect, as a relief from Art fiction and flirtation fiction, is exceedingly welcome. If the mass of it be on a level of merit with "The Minister's Son," it will be doubly welcome.

"A Western Wildflower," by Katharine Lee (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a very unpretending, but pleasantly written and sufficiently interesting story. In like manner, the characters, though not original enough to offer many salient points for comment, are drawn consistently and firmly, as though they had a very real existence in the mind of the authoress. They are little more than sketches, but the outlines are bold and clear. The heroine herself, who bears the curiously chosen name of Rejoice Hyde, supplies an exceedingly charming picture of an exceptionally pleasant and sympathetic heroine, and some of the minor characters, like the two Miss Sacketts, have a good deal of quiet humour about them. Indeed the novel is likely to amuse as well as to please. The very moderate level aimed at, and a little more than adequately reached, prevents the display of merits of a deeper or loftier order than those mentioned, but, in the same way, it renders the presence of flagrant faults scarcely possible—at least where a writer is possessed of Katharine Lee's graceful style and her considerable share of humour and of tact in construction. So, on the whole, the novel, without being especially memorable, is something more than merely readable.

The now familiar merits of E. Werner will be found to the full in "Partners," a novel, translated by H. G. Goodwin (1 vol.: Remington and Co.). Of course a certain special sort of taste is always needful for the enjoyment of German fiction, which differs so completely in its form and style from the French and English school, which, as distinguished from the German, are one. A noteworthy point about "Partners" is that, so far as we are aware, it is the first serious attempt to lay the scene of a novel among the Germans settled in America, so that its interest, great in itself, is doubled by being bound up with many elements of originality. The plot, it need hardly be said to those who are at all familiar with Werner's novels, turns upon the manner in which a man and a woman contrive to misunderstand and to hold aloof from one another until some sudden crisis shows them that they have been unconscious lovers all the while. In the present case there is naturally a great deal of sentiment, but a most wholesome absence of anything like sentimentality. The whole tone is admirable, and many of the more dramatic scenes have unusual grace and power. The whole effect is lighter than that of its author's novels in general, but it is none the worse for that, and it will be more to the liking of those whose taste for German fiction and its English imitations are still in an undeveloped condition. The translator's part of the work has been well done.

There is very little to be said of Bret Harte's "Flip, and Other Stories" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus). So far as their general character and their style are concerned they are to a great extent "old stories retold." The plots of course are new: but it has become by this time impossible to read any story by Mr. Bret Harte without the sensation of previous knowledge, so much sameness of manner, amounting to mannerism, is there in them all. Of course "Flip" and its companions deal with life in the Far West, and aim at combining romance with humour. But somehow there is a want of simplicity, and still more of apparent probability, about them all. They have the tricks of the pen that wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but neither the pathos nor the humour, nor the method of giving human life to fancies, have the old, unforced air. Flip, and her father the charcoal burner, may be possible characters in the Far West, but they are not made to seem so in Mr. Bret Harte's tale. The best of the three stories, "Flip," "A Gentleman of La Porte," and "Found at Blazing Star," is unquestionably the last. It contains more of the interest of adventure, and to some extent piques the curiosity, besides being an instance of clever construction in miniature. But we have a right to look, from Mr. Bret Harte, for something that touches deeper springs than can come from mere literary practice and skill.

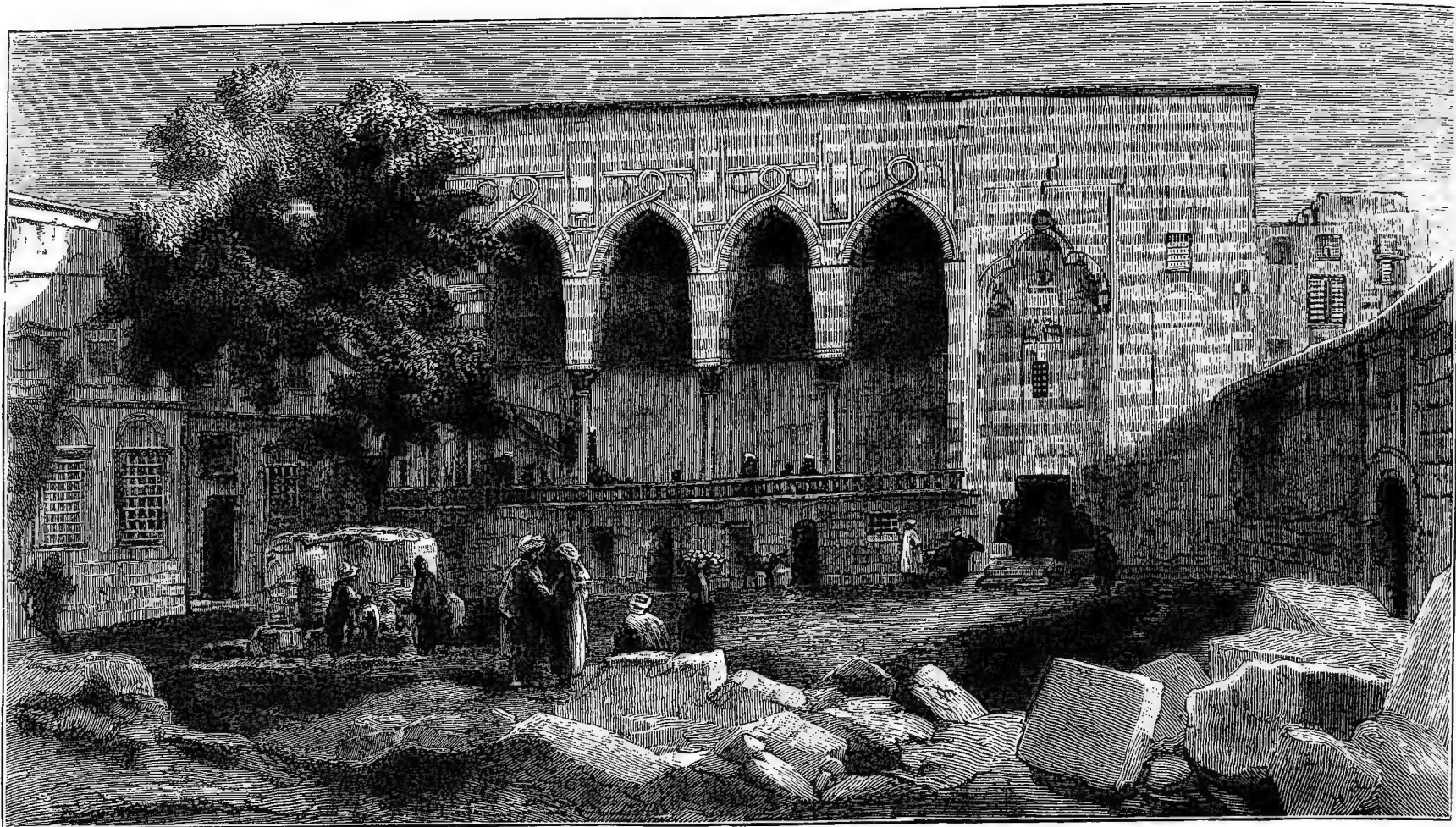
## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IN June last we gave some account of the aid which the spectro-scope affords to meteorologists in indicating the advent of rainy weather by a certain shaded appearance across the spectrum. We pointed out that this method of observation was initiated some years ago by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Professor Piazzi Smyth. The accuracy of the method has lately received a remarkable confirmation through the agency of the same gentleman, who, in a letter to the *Scotsman*, made the following remarks: "This morning—Monday, September 4th—there is an absence of the rain-band, and a clearing away of all the watery vapour lines in the spectrum of sky-light to an extent not equalled during the last two or three months. In a powerful spectro-scope the two solar D lines now stand out clear and clean, in place of being almost lost, as all through last month, in a thicket of terrestrial water-vapour lines. So the farmers may be enabled to gather in their crops at last, dry and in good condition, though probably in rather cold and sharp weather."

This confident prediction was amply verified, for the following days were all that a farmer could desire. It is interesting to note that during the same period the weather forecasts issued by the Meteorological Society gave warning of unsettled and showery days.

The process for preserving meat during its passage from distant countries by means of the cold produced by the compression and subsequent expansion of air has already been explained in these columns. It will be remembered that on board ship the apparatus is worked by steam from the vessel's boilers. The Bell-Coleman Refrigeration Company of Glasgow, who have been the pioneers of the system, have lately introduced a useful modification of it by employing a gas engine to give the necessary motive power. The





THE MAHKEMEH, COURT OF THE CADI



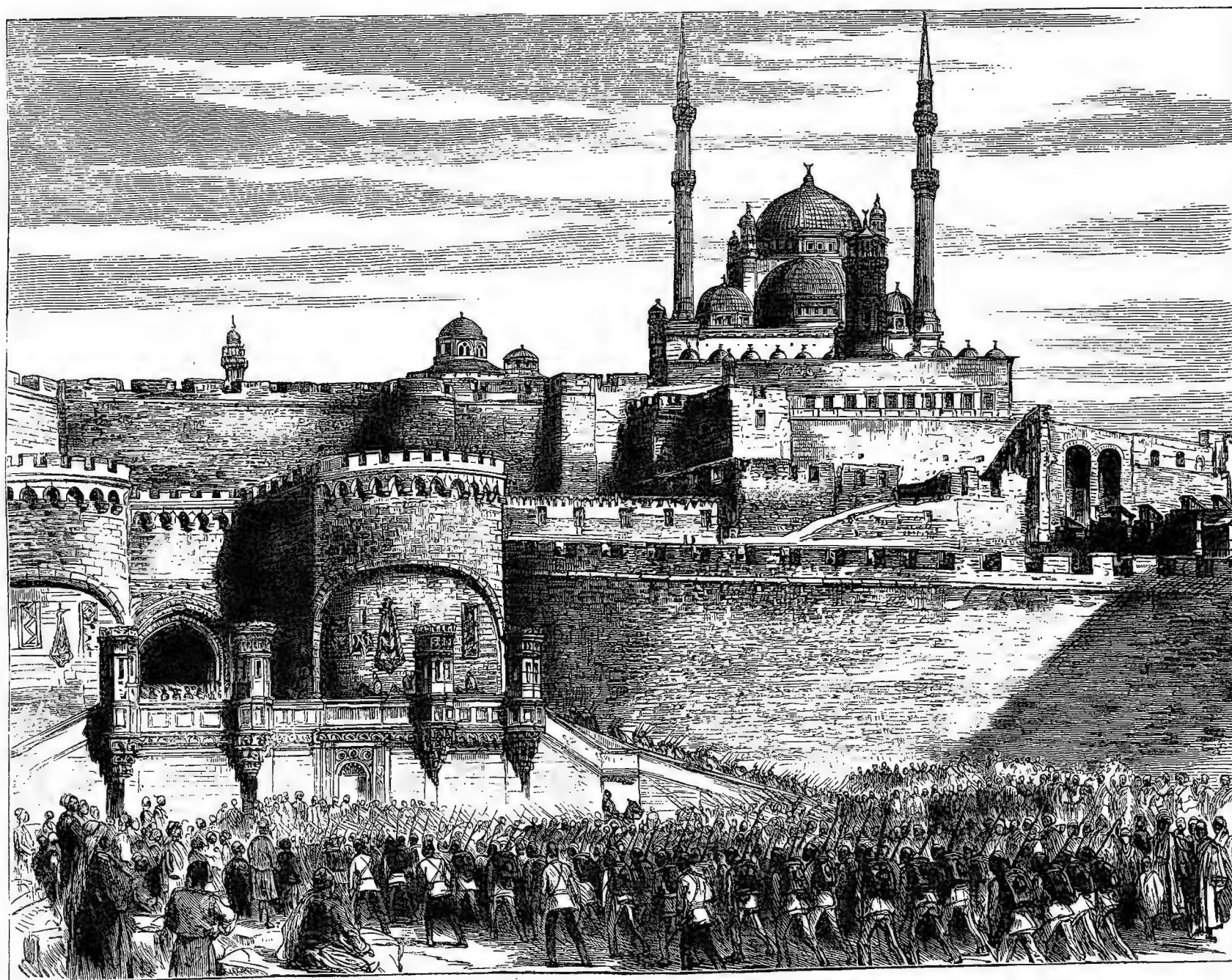
RUE DE L'HOTEL SHEPHEARD

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CAIRO—VIEWS IN AND ABOUT THE CITY





PART OF CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL



THE CITADEL

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CAIRO—VIEWS IN AND ABOUT THE CITY



engine is fixed on the same bed-plate as the compression cylinders, so that the whole apparatus is self-contained. In its new and smaller form the machine is intended for hotels, markets, and in any situation where refrigeration on a small scale is required. The first apparatus of the kind has been erected at Leadenhall Market. It is connected with a series of cooling chambers which can be used either singly or collectively. The gas engine employed is of 12-horse power, and when the machine is running at 150 revolutions per minute, it will deliver 5,000 cubic feet per hour of air at a temperature of 40 degrees below zero.

The question as to what kind of work the inmates of our prisons should be engaged upon has always been a difficult one to decide. The treadmill and the loaded crank represented so much muscular force running to waste. On the other hand, if prisoners are employed in various trades their work naturally affects the labour market, and honest men cry out that they are unfairly treated. An American paper, in adverting to these difficulties, makes a suggestion which is certainly worth consideration. It is that the treadmill should be revived in a new form,—that it should be connected with a dynamo machine and storage batteries, so that the force expended upon it by unwilling footfalls should be collected, and stored up for future use.

According to the *Peterborough Express* another spiritualistic impostor has been detected. This "lady medium" professed to raise the spirit of an Indian girl named "Poche." The room was darkened in the orthodox manner, Moody and Sankey's hymns were sung by the assembled company of seventeen who had come to see the manifestations, and in response to these influences the spirit clad in white made her appearance. After the unearthly visitant had kissed one of the ladies present, and spoken to some others, a gentleman, contrary to all etiquette, sprang forward, and seized the astonished ghost in his powerful grasp. Nor did he let her go until the lights were turned up, and discovered the medium herself in his arms. In the dark she had slipped off her black dress and had changed herself into "Poche." How is it, let us ask, that these impostors still continue to receive sufficient support to make it worth their while to continue their unwholesome trade? They have been exposed over and over again, and yet there are persons who still believe in them. Such persons are on a par with those deluded beings who become victims of the confidence trick, in spite of the detailed manner in which its clumsy craftiness has been shown up almost weekly for the past five years. As a warning to those who have any inclination to assist at *séances*, let us mention that in the United States some thousands of persons have gone mad on the subject of spiritualism. We have also the opinion of Dr. Winslow, one of our greatest authorities on lunacy, that "all who really believe, and who persuade others, that they see or hear a spirit are the subject of hallucination and auricular delusions, and should be taken care of by their friends."

At Wolverhampton a new industry has lately sprung up in the manufacture of steel casks for all purposes for which wooden ones have previously been used. The new receptacles are seamless, that is to say, their edges are brazed together so that the junction is invisible. The manufacturers claim that the steel casks are more durable than wooden ones, and in the case of eighteen-gallon casks and upwards are lighter and far less bulky. The old-fashioned shape is preserved, so that the cask can be trundled along by one man as of old. We learn nothing about the cost of this new product of the steel works, and cost has, perhaps, more to do with the successful introduction of a novelty than any other feature which it may possess.

Mr. Price Edwards deserves the thanks of all brain-workers for bringing before the British Association the subject of ear-piercing railway whistles, and we trust that the railway companies will pay some heed to his remarks. If the notes are reduced from a shrill treble to a respectable baritone it will be a great gain, and we venture to assert, in spite of published opinions to the contrary, that the low sound will be quite as efficacious as a signal as the shrieks we are accustomed to. For some reason or other the whistles attached to ships' boilers are invariably of low musical pitch, and it is far more necessary in their case that the sound should be heard afar, than it is in the case of a locomotive engine which is confined to one definite track. A dweller at Lewisham, whose house is nearly two miles from the Thames, informs us that in foggy weather the low moan of the whistles attached to outward and homeward bound vessels is plainly audible to him. Surely a sound so penetrating would be well adapted for railway work. In any case the whistling as now practised, the cock-crowing, and other imitations with which engine-drivers favour us, could without doubt be greatly modified to the advantage of all.

There are few places in this world which have not formed the subject of a photograph. We have had pictures taken in the depth of a mine, in the darkest recesses of a cave, and even from the car of a balloon. It has been reserved for Blondin, the hero of Niagara, to take a photograph from the centre of a tight rope. In Berlin, last month, he went through the several operations of taking a photograph of the crowd seventy feet below him. Whether the picture was successful we are not in a position to say. T. C. H.



MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND CO.—A pretty, singable, and easy song, published in four different keys, is "Dream Faces," written and composed by W. H. Hutchison. It is the old story of youthful memories, &c.—Highly to be commended is "Hymn to the Night," Longfellow's beautiful poem, very charmingly set to music by Bernard Farebrother, of St. Paul's, Birmingham, with a violoncello accompaniment *ad lib.*—W. H. Hutchison has supplied the music for two commonplace songs: "Under the Stars," words by F. Conway Lomax; and "By the Tideless Sea," words by A. C. de Gruchy. Both these songs have a refrain in 6-8 time, for which Mr. Hutchison has an evident predilection.—Joseph Meissler has made "Under the Stars" the leading theme of a feeble set of waltzes bearing that name. He has done no better with "The Jolly Vagrant Polka," a very poor specimen of its kind.

MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—A pleasing ballad is "Our Only Hope," written and composed by Oliver Brand and P. von Tuginner; the compass is from F first space to the octave above.—Very showy and effective is "Danse Hongroise," for the pianoforte, by G. J. Rubini. It should be learnt by heart.—The "Four-in-Hand Polka" and "The Skating Schottische," by Albert Rosenberg, are spirited and danceable; very good specimens of dance music of the day.

WILLIAM REEVES.—"Tribulation and Rest" is the title of a selection of sacred vocal pieces by Henry Purcell (1658—1695), with an interesting sketch of that great but of late much-neglected composer. Mr. Elwood has done a public service by collecting a choice number of solos and concerted pieces by Purcell, and publishing them in a cheap form. We hope that this neatly got-up inexpensive little volume may be the means of awakening a renewed interest in the neglected compositions of this old master.

C. ROYLANCE.—No royal road to learning music has yet been discovered, although many have been attempted. "Roylance's Numerical System for Learning to Play the Pianoforte" is no exception to this rule; in fact, it is one of the most puzzling of any

we have seen. An elaborately-figured diagram, "to be affixed with wafers to the front of the pianoforte," is only calculated to bewilder the student instead of assisting him. There is little, if any, need for the stern announcement that "Proceedings will be at once taken against any person infringing this system."

MISCELLANEOUS.—A pretty song for a baritone is "Love Thee," words by Thomas Moore, music by Archie Keen (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Our Home," a national song, written and composed by John Bendall and Moirato, is not very new, to judge from its dedication to the Earl of Beaconsfield, but in these warlike and stirring times it is well worth looking out again, for it is replete with healthy sentiments, and will take well at a Penny Reading (C. Jefferys).—Of a more martial type, but not equal to the above, is "England Calls to Arms!" by the same *collaborateurs* (John Guest).—The same may be said of "Man the Ironclads!" the stirring words and music by Messrs. John Bendall and Ed. Reyloff (R. Mills and Sons).

### THE BAVARIAN EXHIBITION

TOURISTS in Germany will now find in Bavaria, besides its permanent attractions, two extensive exhibitions, which are both well worth seeing. One of these takes the form of a brilliant display of electric lighting at Munich, in the style of those which recently took place in Paris and at the Crystal Palace. The other illustrates with noteworthy success the progress of Bavarian art and industry. It is held in the Maxfeld,—a charming park laid out expressly for the purpose, and which will continue as a place of popular resort after the closing of the Exhibition on the 15th of next month. Besides securing this advantage, the people of Nuremberg have subscribed with a view to the retention also of some of the principal Exhibition buildings, for the purpose of concerts and public assemblies. Meanwhile it is an unmistakeable sign of the times that this quaint old city, which preserves so much of its mediæval appearance, should be the scene of showing forth the latest triumphs of modern science, especially as applied to manufactures and purposes of general utility. The advance made in this respect is impressed upon visitors even before they enter the Exhibition enclosure,—a steam tramway being now in operation between the railway station and the park. Travelling along by this street train—for the engine draws two or three carriages—one cannot help wondering what would have been thought of such an innovation in the earlier centuries of the old town's chequered history. This reflection is emphasised by a view of the Exhibition itself, which, although mainly confined to the Kingdom of Bavaria, may be regarded as creditably representing the varied productions of the whole German Empire. The section devoted to the Fine Arts does not, of course, afford scope for startling novelties. Nor does it contain any works by the Old Masters, amongst whom the people of Nuremberg rank Albert Dürer, a native of their own town, with pardonable pride. There is, however, a rich collection of modern pictures, tapestry, and sculpture. The portraits—admirably life-like—include several of men of mark, and it is perhaps characteristic of local habits that the subject is, in many cases, represented with the inevitable cigar. The miscellaneous paintings are varied in subject and quality; but many of the landscapes would command the praise of exacting critics. Decided merit is also shown in some historical scenes and graphic illustrations of Shakespeare, the whole indicating that the Bavarians mean to maintain their long-established artistic reputation. Although shown in another department, the stained glass windows, for which Munich is famous, and the elaborate groups for altar decoration might also be fairly included in the Fine Art division. One of the features which will strike a peaceful stranger in the industrial section is the marked encouragement given to the military instinct. With a view to teach the young idea how to shoot, we find amongst the show of toys special prominence bestowed upon those illustrative of warfare. That game of war which kings may play at, is here brought within juvenile resources in the form of *Kriegsspiel*, with fully-equipped Lilliputian soldiers—infantry and cavalry of all ranks—which may be manoeuvred like pieces on a chess-board. In one case there is an elaborate model, not only of the battle-field of Sedan, but also of the battle itself, with the full force of a cavalry charge against the French, whose wounded are being carried off the field by their discomfited and retreating comrades. Upon a much larger scale, a panorama of the battle of Gravelotte is provided as an auxiliary attraction near the park gates. Visitors to the Exhibition have likewise an opportunity of admiring, amongst other munitions of war, a choice assortment of bullets, so nicely arranged in glass vases as to look more like pills or small marbles than messengers of death. But "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and this also is amply shown in the industrial department of the Exhibition, which is too multifarious for any detailed description. The display of metal work, crystal ware, soft goods, and the like, is exceedingly well arranged, not only with good taste and due regard to artistic effect, but also so as to illustrate the various stages of manufacture. Leather, for instance, is shown in its various stages of preparation, from the rough hide until used in belts for machinery, or made into highly-finished boots and shoes. The process of setting types and printing finds scope in the production of a small "Exhibition Journal," which is first stereotyped and worked off by a combined printing and folding machine. As might be expected from the musical character of the German people, considerable space is occupied by reed, brass, and stringed instruments. Of pianos there is a very large and varied display, besides two or three magnificent organs large enough for any cathedral. Such large exhibits as private vehicles, tram cars, and railway carriages are shown in a separate annexe, and there is also a special department for machinery in motion. The latter is like a huge and busy workshop, although usually more crowded by visitors than would be desirable if the industrial progress of actual work were an object. It is amusing to watch the undisguised wonder with which some of the Bavarian peasantry gaze at many of the clever mechanical appliances here exhibited. They appear to be especially puzzled by the applications of steam power to much of that agricultural work which, in their remote country districts, is still carried on in the old-fashioned way. Observe too, the amused interest with which, amid the throng of visitors, the modern lady of fashion and the old peasant woman scan each other, the latter in simple and coarse attire, but wearing a strange antiquated head-dress, and encircled by an expansive hoop or crinoline, such as was some years ago in vogue in England. Apart from the main Exhibition there are several small pavilions, in one of which chemistry is made quite attractive by a display, graceful in form and brilliant in colour, of dyes, crystals, and the like. Visitors who desire to vary their sight-seeing may find an agreeable change at hand in the gardens and well-stocked conservatories, or by viewing the antiquarian relics and picturesque scenes which abound in this ancient but progressive town of Nuremberg. J. D. SHAW

### LEICESTERSHIRE OUT OF SEASON

THOSE who are familiar with the aspect of the great sporting county during the winter months, when the "meets" are in full swing, and house-rent at Melton and Market Harborough is at its maximum, may be pardoned if they experience a certain amount of disenchantment should chance lead them thither in August or the early part of September. So complete is the change, and so startling the contrast, that we are apt to wonder if the train has not

capriciously deviated from its usual course, and landed us in some remote Sleepy Hollow, where the exhilarating cry of the pack, and the horn of the huntsman, are alike unknown. We recognise after a time our favourite localities, but fail to discover a single trace of the animation our memory has hitherto associated with them; Melton is a desert, and Market Harborough a miniature Sahara, forsaken by all save their respective colonies of inhabitants, who vegetate during the summer on last season's gains, and, for want of more lucrative occupation, speculate vaguely on the chances of the next.

At Quorn things are a trifle more lively; Tom Firth is busily engaged in preparing for cub-hunting, and in the careful supervision of his matchless fifty-eight couple of hounds, occasionally indulging the young ones, by way of caution, with a sight of the deer in Bradgate Park. As much may be said of the pleasant country house where I have lately been staying, which, as being to all intents and purposes the headquarters of sport, presents even at this dull period of the year an exceptionally animated scene; batches of fresh horses continually arriving from Dublin, Rugby, and other prolific sources, are paraded before the master's eye, and their jumping capabilities duly tested; while—for though many are called, few are chosen—the rejected candidates for hunting-field honours are ignominiously drafted from the stable, and despatched to figure in the weekly sale at Leicester.

Barring, however, the indispensable activity displayed by those whose business it is to be "armed at all points, and ready for the fray," you may traverse the county from one end to another without perceiving any indication of its winter speciality. The farmers are (as elsewhere) getting in their corn and anathematising the weather, while the majority of the resident gentry are wanderers on the face of the earth, scaling Alpine peaks or Highland moors, or mayhap fortifying themselves for the coming campaign by conscientiously going through a "course" at Kissingen or Carlsbad. The few who still remain peacefully cultivate what may appropriately be termed lawn tennis under difficulties, the paucity of players and the unamiable eccentricity of the barometer combining in nineteen cases out of twenty to render the experiment a failure. Even the approach of cub-hunting fails to attract more than a small contingent of local enthusiasts, who, from their readiness to be in the saddle at four A.M., may reasonably be suspected of sleeping in top boots; the Meltonians as a rule declining to appear on the scene of action until the first general circular shall have been issued, and the "ban et arriere ban" of sportsmen officially convoked to the annual rendezvous at Kirby Gate.

Leicestershire, at least that portion of it with which I am chiefly acquainted, is by no means a picturesque county, nor one which any but inveterate amateurs of the chase would be likely to select as a permanent abode; it is mostly flat, and consequently exposed to be periodically flooded in winter time, while the clayey nature of the soil and the bleakness of the climate are in no respect conducive to the prosperity of the cultivator. Nevertheless, the value of land, especially within a certain radius of the capital, is rapidly increasing, and wherever a spare piece of ground can be obtained, it is forthwith partitioned into "allotments," a very favourite, and, if one may judge from the eagerness with which they are snapped up, profitable investment. Some years ago an acquaintance of mine, owner of a considerable property about three miles from Leicester, sold eight acres of meadow land to a company for twelve thousand pounds, partly paid down and partly bearing interest at four per cent.; before three months from the time of sale had elapsed, the whole was divided into strips and converted into gardens, every one of which is now in full cultivation. Situated between the high road to Loughborough and an offshoot leading to the village of Birstall, and sensationally denominated the Black Lane, and dotted over with more or less artistically constructed arbours and summer-houses, this "allotment" is unquestionably the prettiest in the neighbourhood, its principal ornament being a tastefully laid out flower garden, with a hedge of sweet peas six feet in height.

Adjoining it are the extensive plantations belonging to its former proprietor, in which, according to tradition, Dick Turpin, in the course of his adventurous career, once sought refuge from his pursuers; a thatched building, called the "Hermitage," being pointed out as his temporary retreat. On what positive grounds this statement is founded I am unable to say, the information I have succeeded in gleaning being more than usually vague, and, as far as I could ascertain, mainly depending on the testimony of the "oldest inhabitant" (long since gathered to his fathers), in whose family this legend of the popular highwayman has been handed down as an established article of faith. On the same authority I was assured that close by the spot in question a gibbet formerly stood, and that the venerable gentleman alluded to had in the days of his youth beheld the remains of a malefactor suspended thereon; the site, however, being in the midst of a wood, a very unusual locality for the erection of such a structure, I feel some hesitation in implicitly relying on the accuracy of the patriarch's memory.

Whatever depressing effect the advent of summer may have on the general appearance of the county, no similar sign is perceptible in Leicester itself. All seasons appear alike to its inhabitants, to whom the presence or absence of the sporting community would seem to be a matter of absolute indifference. If anything, the town is livelier in August than in December, plenty of what the French call "distractions" being provided for the delectation of the masses. Besides the annual race-meeting, probably the last that will be held on the old course, a new one on a large scale—not, by the way, before it was wanted—being projected, the worthy citizens have recently had an opportunity of listening to Cardinal Manning's discourse on temperance, of admiring the unerring delivery of their native bowler Parnham, and of watching Madame Englo walk three hundred miles in I forget how many hours.

CHARLES HERVEY

### EVA

HIGH, high, in the westerly sky  
Lingers the day as I linger by thee;  
Slow, slow, from the darkness below,  
Creeps the night over the brim of the sea.

Soft, soft, to the sea-birds aloft  
Whisper the waters that toss on the shore,  
Rare, rare, from the mermaids' hair,  
Scattered and sparkling, the jewels they wore.

Far, far, there is shining a star,  
Pure as the beacon a seraph would burn,  
Clear, clear, that stray wanderers here,  
Seeing it lead them, a pathway might learn.

Soon, soon, will the silvery moon  
Glow through a glory of luminous mist,  
Pale, pale, in her vaporous veil,  
Down on the flowers that look up to be kissed.

Then, then, when the children of men,  
Seal up their souls with a slumbering spell,  
Sweet, sweet—and till morn when we meet,  
Mab with her visions will comfort thee well.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE



**MARRIAGE.**  
On the 7th inst., at Kirk Braddan, Isle of Man, by the Rev. Walter Scott Dumesque, Vicar of Farnham, Hants, and uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. W. Drury, Vicar of Braddan, and the Rev. Nathaniel Quirk, Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Douglas, MAURICE SMELT DUKES, son of the late THOMAS OLIVER DUKES, of Clapham, to EDITH FRASER (TOTTIE), fourth daughter of Captain EDWARD DUMESQUE, of Douglas, Isle of Man.

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**CHAS. CODD'S ORANGE CHAMPAGNE** is made simply from oranges. It is a light and wholesome tonic, and, being free from chemicals as well as spirit, it is the purest and best of the non-alcoholic drinks. Price, in London, in large champagne bottles, 7s. per dozen; in small, 4s. Bottles charged 1s., and same allowed when returned.—C. CODD and CO., 79, Copenhagen Street, London.

**FREMINET'S CHAMPAGNE,** VINTAGE 1874, EXTRA QUALITY, Is the Finest Dry Wine Shipped.

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**THE LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.**

**MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of BED-ROOM SUITES by MACHINERY.**

**500 BEDROOM SUITES, from 3½ guineas to 200 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine, 5½ guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £9 5s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, £14 14s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of Drawers, £18 18s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip- pendale in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hanging), with raised centre, Duchesse toilet table fitted with jewel drawers, washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. These Suites are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel plates, 35 to 50 guineas.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippen- dale, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85 to 200 Guineas.**

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**BEDSTEADS. Full size, 3½ guineas.**

**BEDSTEADS. Brass, 3½ guineas.**

**BEDSTEADS. 3½ guineas.**

**TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS** in Stock to select from.

**MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in** Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads 3½ guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The trade supplied.

**MAPLE and CO. BEDDING.**

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**SPRING MATTRESSES.—The** Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have made such advantageous arrangements that we are enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring Mattresses at the following low prices:—  
3 ft. 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in. 5 ft.  
21s. 25s. 29s. 35s. 40s.

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**MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS.**

**TURKEY CARPETS,**

**TURKEY CARPETS, as made in the Seventeenth Century.**

**TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to** Select from.

**MAPLE and CO. have correspon-** dents and buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-class CARPETS of guaranteed quality. Purchasers are cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade supplied.

**THE LARGEST STOCK of ORIENTAL CARPETS IN EUROPE.**

**ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—**5,000 of these in stock, some being really wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art collectors, especially when it is considered what great value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which are sold at commercial prices.

**A PERSIAN CARPET for Thirty** Shillings, measuring about 10 feet long by 5 feet wide. 5,000 to select from. The goods are regularly imported by MAPLE and CO., and are very durable, being the best of this make. 145 to 149, Tottenham Court Road, London.

**MAPLE and CO. CARPETS.**

**100 MILES of BEST BRUSSELS**

**CARPETS at 3s. 6d. per yard.**

**THESE GOODS, by some of the first** Manufacturers, are of superior quality, the designs and colourings new and artistic. They are 1s. per yard under the usual price asked at the West End for the same quality.

**POSTAL ORDER DEPART-** MENT.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

**ORDERS FOR EXPORTATION** to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

**MAPLE and CO., LONDON.**

**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the** HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

**PARR'S PARR'S LIFE PILLS**

Will keep people in vigorous health, and make them cheerful and hearty. They are unrivalled for the cure of sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, impurities of the blood, disorders of the stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, 1s. 2½d., 2s. 9d., and in Family Packets, 11s. each.

**LIFE PILLS.**

**IN THE GREAT BATTLE OF THIS LIFE THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST WITHOUT THE ART OF EATING.**

**"Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.,** September 10, 1882.

"SIR, Allow me to express to you my gratitude for the wonderful preventive of sick headache which you have given to the world in your Fruit Salt. For two years and a-half I suffered much from sick headache, and seldom passed a week without one or more attacks. Five months ago I commenced taking your Fruit Salt daily, and HAVE NOT HAD ONE HEADACHE during that time; whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me. I am now almost indifferent as to diet. One quality your medicine has above others of its kind is that to the patient does not become a slave."

**CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."** Without it you have been imposed on by a Worthless Imitation.

**OF ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.**  
Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

**SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.**

**Egerton Burnett's** Pure Wool Best Dye Black Serges, as supplied by him for Court Mourning, are in great demand. A variety of qualities from 1s. 2½d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies who have a taste for black should write for patterns direct to EGERTON BURNETT, Woollen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.

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**"FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS."**

Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance. FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, re-supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

Address 256 to 262, Regent Street, London. PETER ROBINSON'S.

**THE BEST CRAPES,**

THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN. Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.

Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. per yard. Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse, 256 to 262, Regent Street, London, W.

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. J. EPPS and CO., HOUSEHOLD CHEMISTS, Makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoons.

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PHOTOGRAPH and a letter to Dr. Holman from General Garfield commending the Holman Pad to all sufferers from Liver and Stomach Disorders, will be sent free to any address on receipt of stamp. General Garfield believed the HOLMAN PAD to be the best Liver, Stomach, Spleen, and Fever Doctor in the world! Hundreds of thousands bear similar testimony! References in every town in England. Address: THE HOLMAN PAD CO., St. Russell Street Buildings, London, W.C.

**JAY'S, REGENT STREET. MOURNING.**

**IMPROVED JANUS CORD.** Registered. Both sides alike. 1½ guineas the full dress length. Made specially for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the Best and Cheapest material at the price ever manufactured for a lady's dress. Janus Cord makes up remarkably well, and ladies who habitually wear black will find it an excellent wearing dress. JAY'S, Regent Street.

**MOURNING.** Messrs. JAY'S experienced Assistants travel to any part of the Kingdom free of expense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses and Millinery, besides Patterns of Materials, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the Warehouse in Regent Street. Funerals, at stated charges, conducted in London or country.

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Prize Medals, London, Paris, and Philadelphia. Damp and Dust Proof, 18-carat cases, adjusted and compensated for all climates, £10 10s., £14 14s., and £25; Ladies, £7 7s., £10 10s., and £18 18s. In Silver Cases for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s., £6 6s., and £8 8s. Forwarded on receipt of remittance.—J. SEWILL, 30, Cornhill, London, and 61, South Castle Street, Liverpool. Illus. Catalogue Free.

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**SAPPHIRES.** Diamond Merchant,

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6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, CHARING CROSS. The attention of the public is respectfully directed to the great advantage of purchasing from the bona fide manufacturer at really wholesale prices for ready money, thereby superseding co-operative stores. The 18-carat Gold Artistic Jewellery is made in the basement, where some of the most skilled goldsmiths can be seen at work. The Paris Gold Medal in 1878 was awarded for "Goldsmiths' Work and Jewellery in exquisite taste," also the Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Grand Diplôme d'Honneur, and Gold Medal of l'Académie Nationale, Paris. Established A.D. 1798. No agents are authorised to call on customers.

**NOTICE.—GARDNERS' con-** sequent on the extension of their Metal Trades are RELINQUISHING their ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, and CLOCK DEPARTMENTS. The STOCK of the first quality only is NOW OFFERED to the public at a DISCOUNT of 37½ PER CENT. from the marked prices. Descriptive lists post free on application.—Nos. 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

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TRAITS.—Send Photo and 10s. 6d. to A. and J. BOOL, Artists (from Royal Academy, National Medalist), 86, Warwick Street, Fimlico, London, who will return photo with faithful Crayon Drawing from it, 15 by 10 inches, post free, home or abroad. One Hundred Testimonials. Tinted Crayons, 21s. Water-colour 25s.; oil, two guineas. LIFE size, highly finished crayon, 45 5s. Prospectus post free. PHOTOS, coloured, 2s.; miniatures, 5s. and 10s. 6d.

**CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.**

**VELVETEENS.**

The LOUIS, Black . . . . .	1s. 9½d.,	2s. 6d.	CHAPMAN'S SPECIALITE, in Black and all Colours. . . . .	1s. 11½d.
The LOUIS, Black . . . . .	2s. 11½d.,	3s. 3d.	CHAPMAN'S "IDENTIC," Black . . . . .	2s. 11½d.
The LOUIS, Black . . . . .	3s. 6d.,	3s. 11d.	CHAPMAN'S "IDENTIC," and all Colours . . . . .	3s. 11½d.
The LOUIS, Black . . . . .	4s. 6d.,	5s. 6d.	ALEXANDRA, Fast Pile, in Black and all Colours. . . . .	2s. 11½d.
The LOUIS, all Colours . . . . .	2s. 11½d.		BROCHE VELVETEEN " " . . . . .	1s. 11½d.
The LOUIS, by the Box, about 27 yards. All Colours. . . . .	2s. 9½d.		BROCHE VELVETEEN " " . . . . .	2s. 11½d.

**DRESSES.**

**NOVELTIES IN SCOTCH TWEEDS.**

The approaching season develops an anxiety to procure new Cloths for suitable Autumn Dress. In North Country and Scotch made goods there are many pretty and useful fabrics. A cloth with a Chudhah ground-work and Tweed finish is uncommon and stylish looking, and those having the small knickerbocker dots are very pretty. They are all most moderate in price, varying from 10½d. to 1s. 11½d. per yard, the widths averaging 26in.

**NEW AUTUMN SUITINGS.**

These vary little in colourings, mixtures in Bronze Greens and Brown, Golden Browns, and Dark Steel Mixtures being the prevailing shades; a strong tendency to Checks of all sizes is markedly evinced, being well adapted for tailor-made and plainly cut garments, as they display the contrast of the figure better than self-surfaced cloth. 26in. wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

**VICTORIEUSE.**

This is a combination Cloth, "or, to speak more correctly," is made in plain and checked cloths, intended to be used together, the colours matching perfectly. It has a chevron or small herring-bone figure on the plain fabric, while the check has a darker line of the prevailing colour intersecting it. A stylish pretty material at a very low price, 1s. 11½d. per yd. 26in. wide.

**COMPOUNDED ESTAMENE, OR LOCH, MOOR, AND MOUNTAIN TWEED.**

A Specialité for tailor-made Costumes, in a combination of heather tints. Is a very superior serge make of cloth, and wonderfully durable and warm for winter use. 26in. wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

**THE ROYAL GOLD INTER-SECTED FABRIC.**

For which so much is claimed by the producers, is certainly novel, and by no means wanting in beauty. In many rich colours and neutral tints, all serviceable and pretty. The simple fact of its being an English-made article should recommend it. 1s. 11½d. per yard, 27 inches wide.

**JEAN BAPTISTE CAMEL'S HAIR.**

A new range of colouring in this fashionable fabric, all specially suitable for the material, which has the foreign finish and peculiar softness so affected by lovers of æsthetic dress. 25in. wide, 2s. 6d. per yard.

**FOULÉ DE CHEVRON.**

Soft and supple as flannel, in dark useful colours. This is one of the nicest new materials brought out this season, and will make up most satisfactorily for autumn or winter wear. 1s. 9½d. per yard, 26in. wide.

**ANGLO-INDIAN.**

Price per piece 22s. 6d. in 8-yard lengths. PATTERNS FREE.

An exquisite Dress Material, manufactured in England, of the finest wools from the celebrated Vale of Cashmere, and by a special process of finishing rendered unsinkable. Colours all ingrained, and in thirty New all shades. In purchasing this unrivalled material ladies will have the gratification of supporting both Home and Foreign industries. The Anglo-Indian Cashmere is in 8-yard lengths, 44 inches wide, which is ample to make a dress. Any quantity cut at 2s. 9½d. per yard.

**BLACK ANGLO-INDIAN CASH-MERE.**

For Mourning, this exquisite material is unsurpassed. Composed exclusively of pure wool. The dye is jet and quite permanent. The small figure covering the surface gives it quite a novel effect, without detracting from its deep mourning appearance, 2s. 9½d. per yard; or the dress of 8 yards lengths 44 inches wide, for 22s. 6d.

**COURT DRESS MAKER.**

**SILKS.**

SILKS.—Good Soft Gros Grain, 12 yards, 30s.  
SILKS.—Rich Corded, 12 yards, 47s.  
White Satin Duchesse for Brides' Toilettes, Rich quality, 24in. wide, 4s. 6d. per yard.  
A Good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24in. wide, £1 10s.  
A Rich Black Lyons Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24in. wide, all pure Silk, for £2.  
SILKS.—Black Surahs, 1s. 11½d. to 4s. 11d.  
SILKS.—Black Satin Surah, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 11  
SILKS.—Black, White, and Coloured Foulard 8.6d.  
SILKS.—Black Satin Merveilleux, 1s. 11½d.  
SILKS.—Black Watered Silks, 1s. 11½d. to 7 1d.

**FRENCH CASHMERE.**

Always a favourite material, continues to hold its own against many novelties and other established favourites. The colours are quite perfect, and embrace a very varied and extensive selection. English manufactures, although much patronised, cannot compete with foreign productions, whose superior make and finish are too apparent, even to the most unpractised eye.

**CASHMERES, ONE HUNDRED**

SHADES, 1s. 6½d. per yard.  
CASHMERES, One Hundred Shades, 1s. 11½d. per yard.  
CASHMERES, One Hundred Shades, 2s. 6½d. per yard.  
MERINOS, One Hundred Shades, 1s. 11½d. per yard.  
MERINOS, One Hundred Shades, 2s. 11½d. per yard.

**L'HIVER ECOSSAIS AND HARRIS CHECKS.**

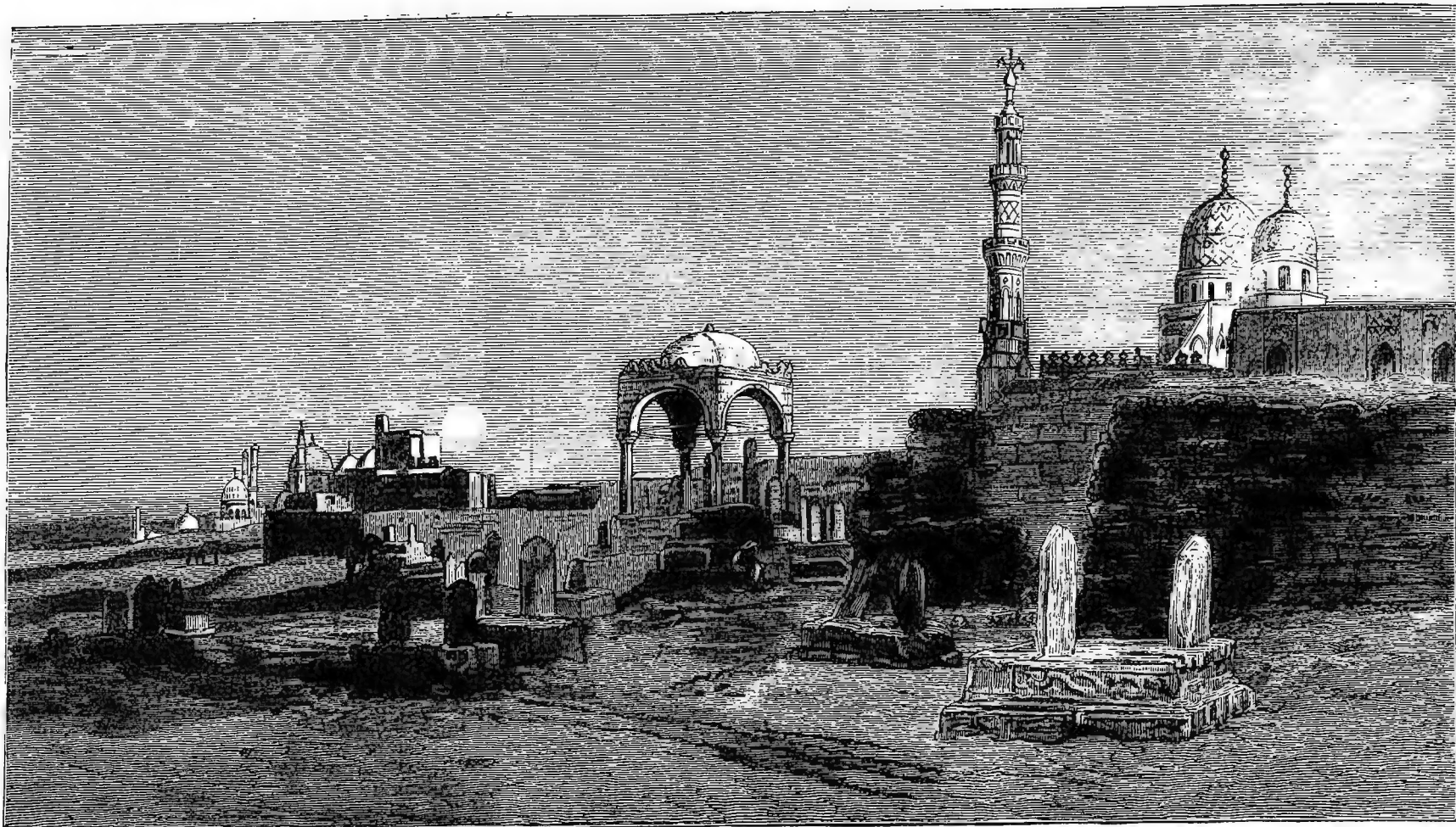
Already there are many indications of what will be worn during the early winter season. Checked and Plaided fabrics will undoubtedly be very popular, many pretty arrangements in these materials having been prepared for use. The colours are generally dark, the outlining checks in lighter shades. Very effective also are the rough dots of some bright colour or white, which is introduced indiscriminately on the surface. The patterns represent a large and choice variety, and the prices marked, with a view to maintaining my reputation for excellent value.

**SPECIAL REDUCTION IN**

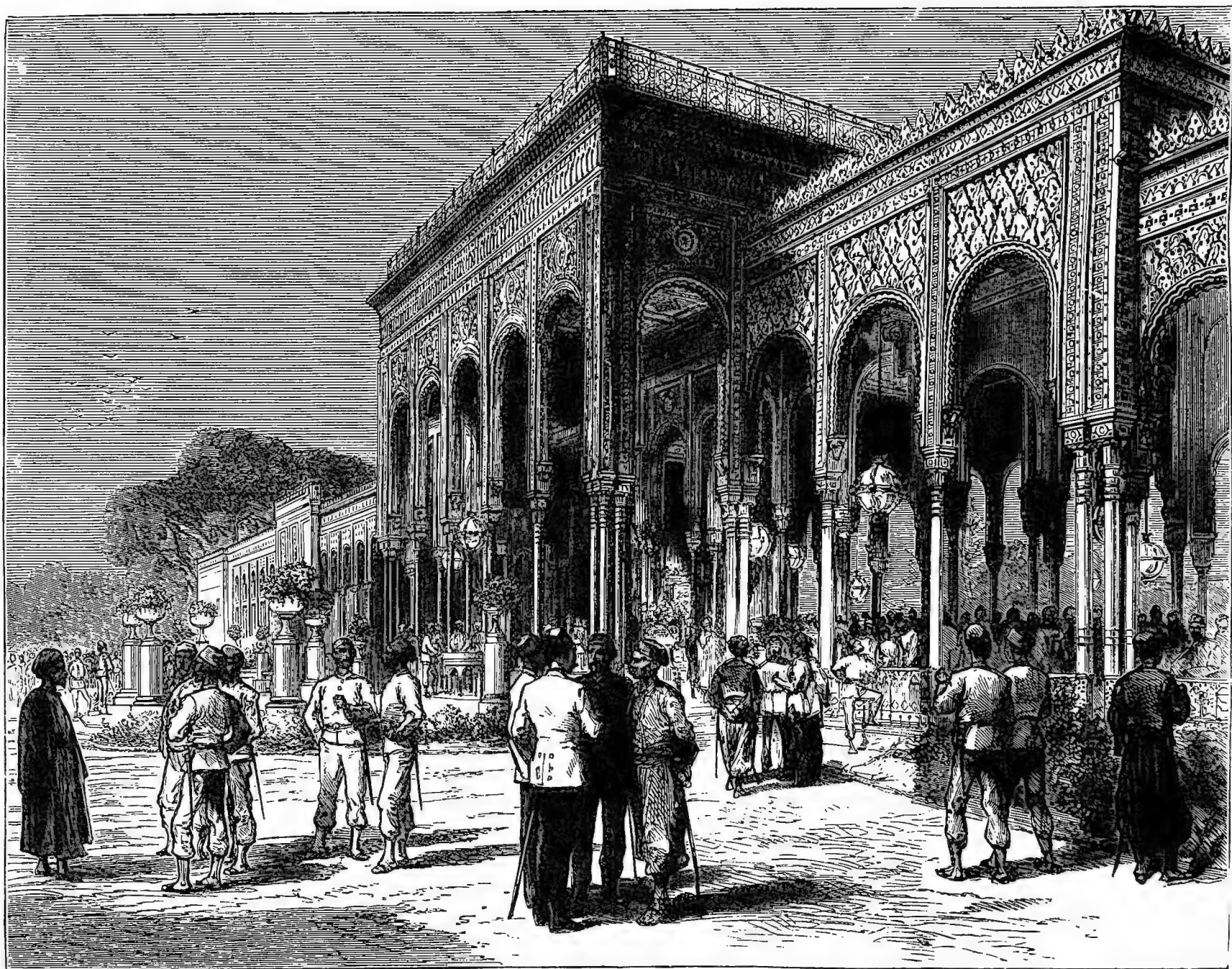
WASHING DRESS MATERIALS. Of every description, consisting of all the latest novelties in Pompadour, satteens, also plain satteens, in choice colours, at 6½d.; Zephyrs, at 6½d.; Scotch ginghams, at 3½d.; silk oatmeal cloths, reduced from 1s. 6d. to 6d. per yard, very beautiful indeed for evening dresses; white Yosemite 4½d., and many other novelties in white and coloured embroidered lace cloths, at 8½d. per yard.

**CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.**



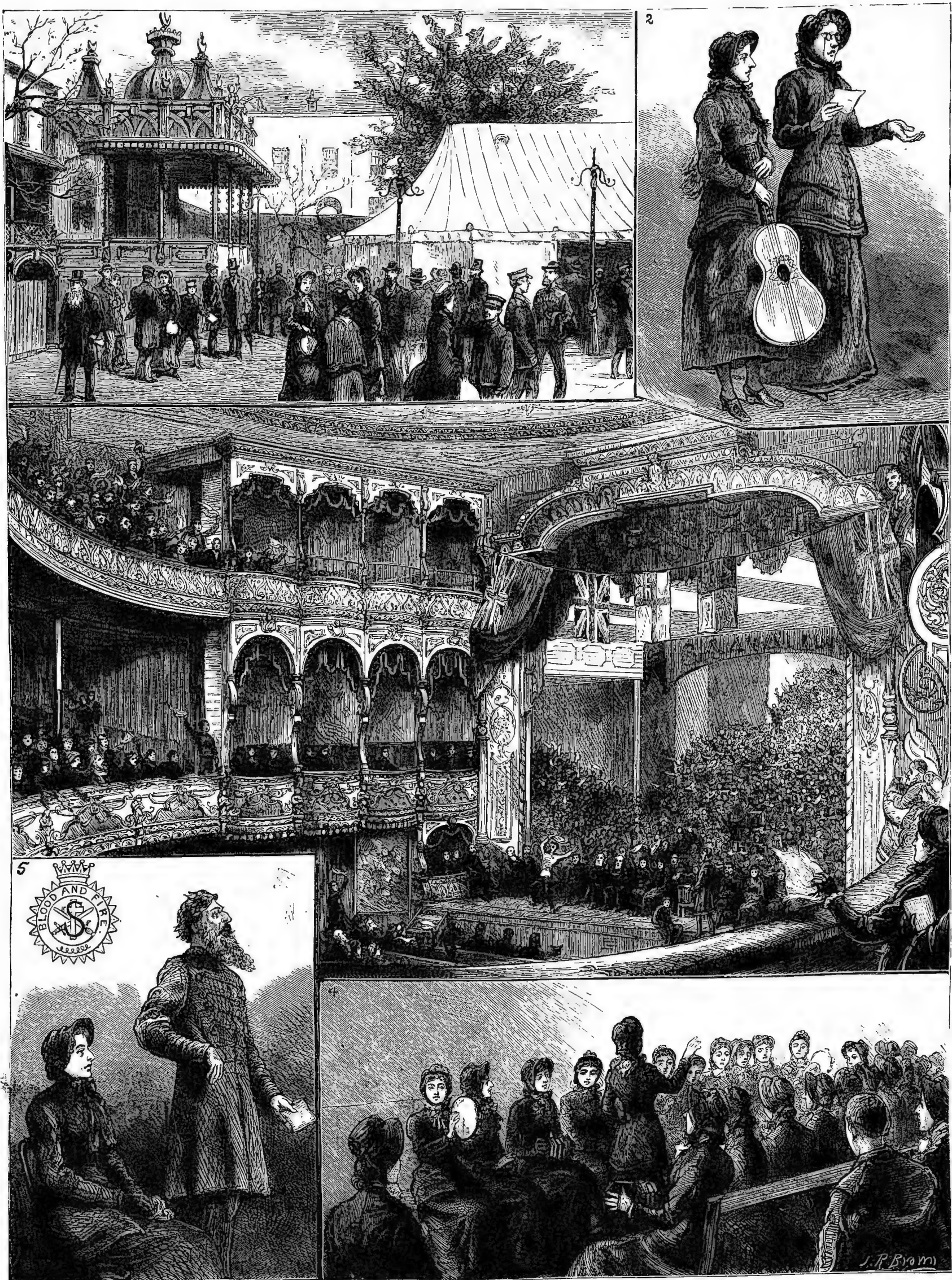


TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS



THE PALACE OF GEZEEREH—THE OUTSIDE PAVILION





1. In the Grounds.—2. A Duet by the Misses Booth.—3. The Afternoon Meeting in the Grecian Theatre.—4. A Band of Hallelujah Lasses.—5. The General and Mrs. Booth.  
THE SALVATION ARMY—"THE CAPTURE OF THE EAGLE"



the inhabitants are organising themselves to memorialise the Home Secretary for the adoption of some more stringent measures.—At Oxford several attempts have been made on the alms boxes at various places of worship, and there has been a daring robbery of registered letters at the Post Office, the work apparently of some one well acquainted with the premises.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO DO WITHOUT GERMAN SAUSAGES, and so, perhaps, Mr. Charles Shaw, of Bow, who has been fined 20s. for making those dainties of "poor beef and horseflesh," which the sanitary inspector described as "decomposed," and Mr. Shaw's men as "only a little black and muggy," has been sufficiently punished for his offence; but bread is a necessary of life, and twenty shillings, even as "a warning to others," is surely little enough to pay for preparing it, as did Mr. Alfred Alford, of Kentish Town, in a bakehouse only ventilated by the entrance, "in a defective state as to whitewashing," and with a floor saturated with sewage water. Unfortunately there is too much reason to think that Mr. Alford's bakehouse is but a sample of many others which have escaped detection.

FOR THROWING STONES over his garden wall at a quietly-conducted open-air service meeting held by a captain in the Army Service Corps was fined by the Rochester magistrates 2s., with costs. The defendant was said to have been very violent, and somewhat under the influence of drink. Still, even a quietly-conducted open-air service under one's garden wall may be a little irritating.

Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR'S RETIRED LIFE in her chateau of By, near Fontainebleau, is agreeably sketched by the Paris *Figaro*. The house, well known in the neighbourhood as "Monsieur Bonheur's Chateau," is an old hunting lodge of Marie de Medicis, skilfully restored by the artist owner, and approached by a huge courtyard. The oak staircase seems taken from some ancient convent, and at the top friends are greeted by a small figure, like that of a Vendean peasant—Mlle. Bonheur, in her favourite semi-masculine garb of wide dark blue trousers and blue linen blouse, ornamented with white embroidery, and wearing her white hair short and parted on one side. Unlike most modern studios, Mlle. Bonheur's workroom is singularly plain, for all the present artistic luxuries of splendid hangings, curios, &c., are entirely absent. A few skins cover the floor of the vast studio, the furniture is simple, but there are plenty of flowers and books about. On one easel stands a huge sketch, "Threshing Out the Grain"—a dashing design of thirty horses, which Mlle. Bonheur does not feel strong enough to complete at present, and close by is the small picture of a Pyrenean guide, on which she is now engaged. Mlle. Bonheur

lives all the year round at By with a favourite old friend, her family are constantly with her, and it was solely on account of her health that she consented to leave her home and pass last winter at Nice. Every day she drives herself out in her little pony carriage, hiding her costume by a long jacket, and accompanied by her pet dog Gamine. Formerly her stables were full of splendid animals and cattle, now they are nearly empty, but a fawn and several antelopes still roam in the huge park, and some rare birds inhabit the aviary.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA appears to prosper rapidly, from his own account during his recent visit to Lisbon. Pushing steadily onwards in the Congo region, he has penetrated 300 miles beyond Vivi, and has established fifteen trading stations from thence to Roki. Although the natives were hostile at first, they are now friendly, and the traders can travel unarmed. Mr. Stanley has been suffering from malaria and fever, and was obliged to stay a month to recruit at Loanda, with the Dutch Consul; but he completely recovered during the voyage to Lisbon.

AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.—It is intended by King's College, London, to give a course of lectures on agriculture during the ensuing winter, by Mr. F. J. Lloyd, F.C.S., F.R.A.S. They will commence on the 12th October, at 6 P.M., and will be continued every Thursday evening. The syllabus is as follows:—Soils: composition and properties; the atmosphere and soil as plant food; cultivation of the soil, improvement of the soil, drainage, and subsoiling. Manures: Farmyard manure and its treatment; artificial manures, their composition and profitable application. Crops: Chemistry and physiology of plant life, rotation and treatment of our principal farm crops, composition and value of agricultural produce. Live stock: Rearing and management; chemistry and physiology of animal life, production of animal food; dairy management and produce. We hope that the enterprise of the College will not be without its reward.

A NEW DELUGE is prophesied for 1885 by a pious American, who is building an ark 200 feet long in readiness for the Flood. With an eye to profit as well as piety, however, he offers to take passengers at 1,000l. a-piece.

GOATS ARE USED TO PROTECT SHEEP in New Jersey, U.S., and prove very efficient care-takers. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, for as soon as one of the latter enters a field, the goat runs at him, and by butting furiously, rolls him over and over, until the dog retires ignominiously. The sheep gather behind their protectors instead of running wild directly a strange dog approaches. Further West the goats guard the sheep from the wolves in similar manner.

A GUARDIAN DOG watches over American Presidents, so a Parisian chronicler tells us. During Mr. Hayes' rule a mongrel cur haunted the grounds of the White House at Washington, and refused to stir until the accession of General Garfield, when a shabby terrier, which had followed the new President's carriage on his inauguration, relieved guard, the Hayes dog disappearing. The terrier followed General Garfield to Long Branch, and at his death vanished as mysteriously as it came. The tradition is continued, however, by a large spotted hound, which has taken up its quarters near President Arthur.

HUNTING IN INDIA is not always "noble" sport, to judge from a description in the *Times of India* of the annual Etola hunt at Baroda. The Maharajah and innumerable visitors set forth in state on elephants and horses, the procession consisting first of a body of light horse armed with spears, then about 2,000 beaters, who extended over quite half a mile; then a line of elephants; and lastly, some Sowars. After much yelling one partridge rose, and was speedily secured by a hawk; then ensued a scene of tremendous excitement, which resulted in the capture of a small hare, the trophy being carried in triumph to the Maharajah to receive the *coup de grâce*. In a few hours' time, and after some hard riding, the game-bag of the large party contained thirteen hares, three partridges, and a quail, not a trace of any big game; but the sportsmen were subsequently consoled by some fine sport with cheetahs and deer.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance including Postage and the extra Christmas and Summer Numbers, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

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## DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

AN HONEST REMEDY! RECOMMENDED BY THE BEST PHYSICIANS. See Reports.

From Dr. C. LEMPIERE, D.C.L., &c., &c.  
"St. John's College, Oxford,  
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Yours faithfully,  
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From the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U.S.A.,  
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"Yours truly, GEORGE THORNBURG, Speaker of the House of Representatives."

From REV. EDWARD HUSBAND, Incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, Feb. 13, 1882.—

"GENTLEMEN,—Having used your DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH during the last year, I am quite willing to testify to its relieving qualities. After hard work I often resort to your brush, and feel quite refreshed. I should never feel inclined to resort to the old-fashioned hair brush again. Faithfully yours, E. HUSBAND.—To the Pall Mall Electric Association."

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JOHN BRIGHT.  
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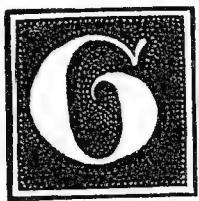
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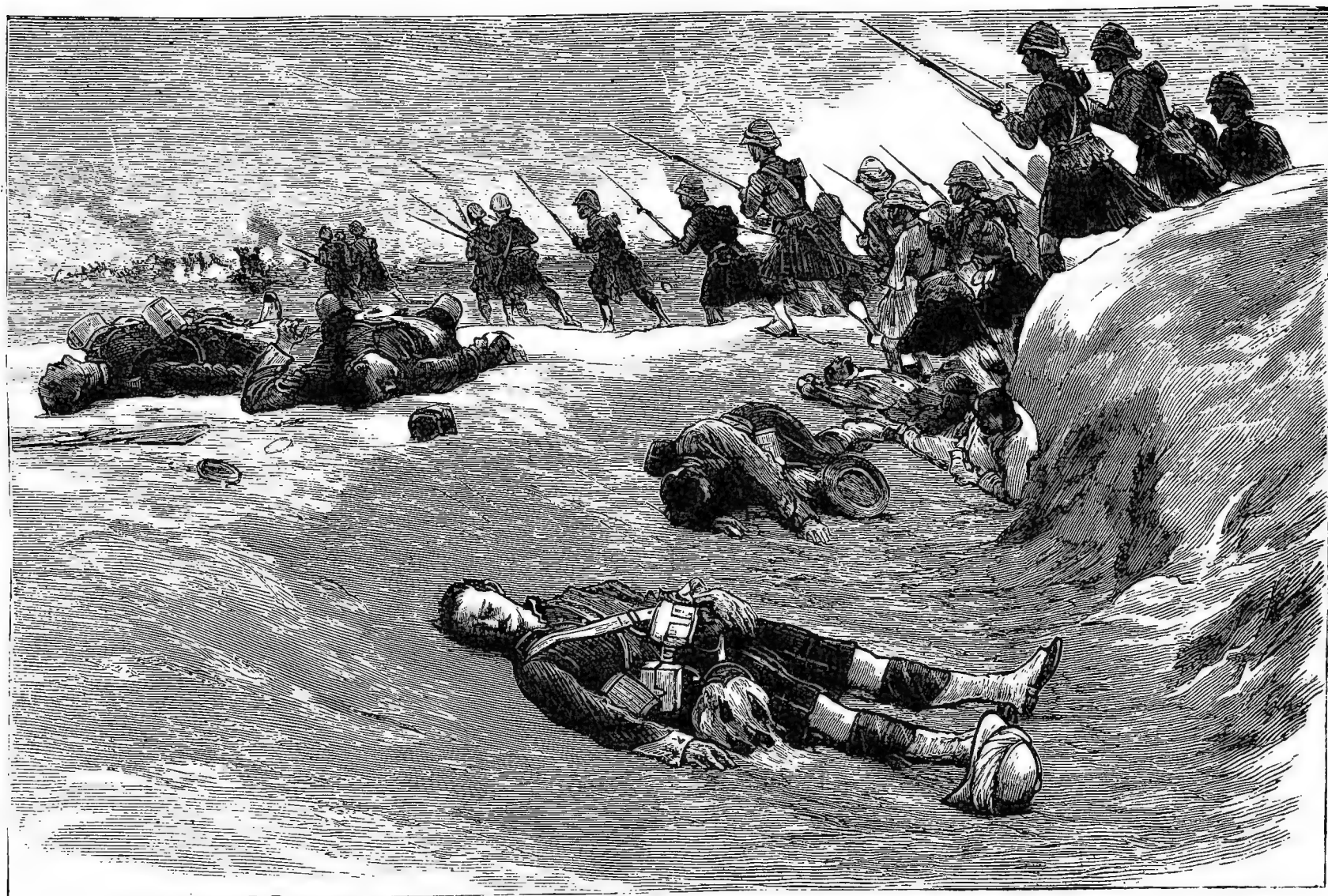
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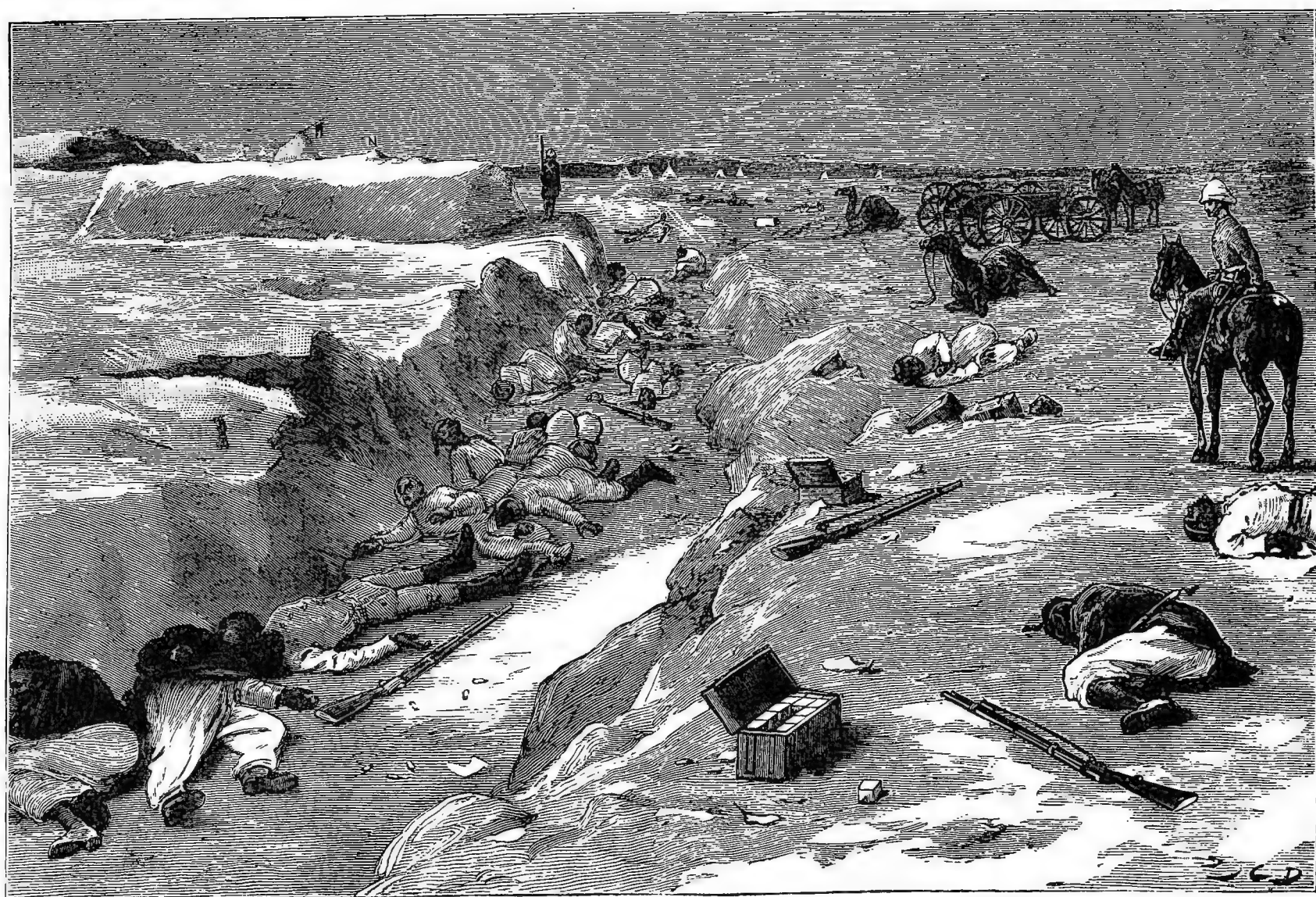
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## JANE: A MAIDEN

WHEN I run my eye over the fair proportions of my flock, I find myself filled with wonder that they should have grown up so straight and well formed, and not be crawling about the face of the earth crippled and smitten with rheumatism, prematurely old, and missing in several important parts. For, living as we do, in accordance with certain regulations of society, it is impossible to avoid leaving the juvenile members of the household to some extent under the care of that social tyrant, the maid. Mamma may be the most notable of women; she may be self-denying to an extent that makes her give up party after party for the sake of watching hen-like over her chickens, and keeping them from the cat; but there are times when her back is of necessity turned, and then comes the turn of Maiden Mary, or Sarah, or Ann.

Our maid of whom I speak was named Jane. Speaking as the head of a household I might say "My pretty Jane—my dearest Jane" in the sense of costly; but she certainly was not shy. Mrs. Scribe found her at a registry office at the cost of half-a-crown, and came home in raptures. The most pleasant-spoken, respectful girl she had ever met. It was evident that she had been very well brought up. She was very fond of children; she had only had one situation in London; she had an excellent character from her last place; and she would not have left only the family were going over to Paris to live, and Jane thought she would not care about going abroad.

"And there was something so innocent and nice about the girl, dear. I told her that I was very strict, and that I did not allow my servants to have poli-men and soldiers, and butchers' and bakers' young men constantly coming after them, and it was quite delightful, dear, to see the nice ingenuous look of reproach she gave me as she said simply, 'Oh, ma'am!' and she actually blushed. I declare after that I would have taken her without any character at all."

I merely said "Humph!" for experience has taught me to look with doubting eye upon paragons of principle, and Mrs. Scribe was ready to reproach.

In due time Jane arrived with her box. I remember that box perfectly, for, as if it were a bad omen, I let myself in with the latchkey, and took the skin off my shin-bone against the corner of that oak-grained box as it stood in the hall. I saw it standing in the same position six months later, when Jane was leaving, and did not injure myself the second time; I only felt thankful that respite was coming for my tender weans.

I do not go so far as to say that Jane was a murderess at heart, perhaps the stain did not go down so deep; but she certainly was ready to perform any action dealing with the tender offspring committed to her charge, although it was some time before we realised all this, a great deal being discovered long after this maiden fair to see had left our service. For she certainly was a particularly nice-spoken girl, respectful, ready, and, as Mrs. Scribe said, full of promise—but there was no performance. "I'm afraid she's a little forgetful," my partner said, for there was something about Jane that set every one making excuses for her. So pleasant spoken a girl could not possibly be anything but *comme il faut*.

Every day "Miss Bellows"—"Miss J. Bellows"—"Miss Jane Bellows." Once only was it plain "Jane, at Mr. Scribe's," and that was a good, honest, genuine-looking country letter, with the lines playing at leap frog all over the envelope, and the adhesive gum further secured with a bit of speckled wax sealed with a thimble. It was wonderful what a deal of correspondence Jane had, and it was due to this that I smelt fire one night, and insisted upon getting up and going to the next landing to see. If I had not, I might have played Saturn next day and eaten my children roast, for Jane had gone to bed as usual in the night nursery, and was seen in bed when mamma went up to kiss the babes at 11.30. Then as soon as all was quiet, Jane had risen and partly dressed, to set to and write a letter, over which she had dropped asleep; the badly stuck-up candle had fallen over, and there was a great and ever-increasing smouldering ring upon the bedclothes waiting for a little more draught to burst into flame.

Jane was forgiven, for she was so repentant. "She said, dear, that she should have gone straight to the chemist's for some rat poison if anything had happened to dear Alexander and Baby Boy, and mixed it in a cup and taken it on the spot; and I feel sure she would."

"What spot?" I pertinently asked; but I was told not to be absurd.

I did not have my opportunity then for playing Saturn with my offspring roast; but within a fortnight I nearly had a second chance, and this time, for a change, the delicacy would have been boiled, the cookery being again performed by Jane, a young lady who in other respects was very particular about not intruding upon the other servants' domestic duties.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"He was quite pink, dear; and I'm not sure now that all his dear darling little skin won't come off. I happened fortunately to be in my bedroom, when I heard the poor little fellow's screams, and rushed up to the nursery, and there he was in his bath, and that wicked creature holding him down. 'Please 'm,' she said, 'I don't think he's quite well.' I thrust my hand into the water, and snatched it out again with a cry of agony. 'You wicked, wicked girl!' I said; 'run for Doctor St. Cenna directly. You've scalded him to death!'"

As it happened, our youngest escaped with a sharp irritation of the skin, for the water was not boiling, but when the nursery guardian places her charge in hot water with one hand, and reads the romance of thrilling interest in a weekly periodical held in the other, then fancy is prone to stray with the heroine in place of stopping with the washee, and the consequences may be dire. For Jane was a great reader, and the newsboy left her periodicals regularly with our paper, the receptacle for the said periodicals being between the mattress and palliasse of her bed, and as a night-light was always burned in the nursery, a little extra light there when I came home never roused any suspicion in my mind that my wife's prodigy might be reading in bed.

I must do Jane the justice of saying that she had no followers at the house, but, as we afterwards learned, there were plenty in the Park, more than one of whom helped her to push the perambulator. It was not, however, till we went down into Sussex for a three months' stay at a pleasant cottage, about a couple of miles from a famous watering-place, that the sum of Jane's iniquities was "totalled up." The fresh country air was of course so good for the little ones that Jane was to be out with them all day long and to do nothing else, and as our attention was a good deal taken up by a project we had on hand, and the country there was so safe, Jane was a good deal trusted by my wife—the more so that she had been so penitent for past offences, and full of promise for the future. But as in the case of Percival Keene's schoolmaster, it all ended in a blow up at the last, for one evening I returned to the cottage I had taken for the time, to find Mrs. Scribe in a grand state of tears all about our youngest, whom she insisted upon always calling Baby Boy.

"Only a bit hot and feverish," I said. "Eaten something that does not agree with him. Give him that old thing, *Hydrargyrum cum creta, pulv. rhei*, that'll set him up. By the way, what a swell Jane looked!"

"Jane? Swell? What do you mean?"

"Having her holiday. I saw her with some swell chap in an open carriage affair in the King's Road, just before it came on to rain, and, oddly enough, an hour afterwards, when I went into the Royal to have a bit of dinner with Tom Fletcher, there was her ladyship at another table with the same fellow, and they were having champagne."

"My dear! Why she has been at home here all day."

"Nonsense!"

"But she has. At least she has been out as usual with the children, and she says they went too far, for they were caught in the rain, and could not get back. When they did the poor children were in a terribly muddy state. I'm afraid poor Baby Boy has taken a nasty cold."

Poor Baby Boy had such a nasty cold that it proved to be violent rheumatic fever, which brought him down, poor little fat, rosy fellow, to a miserable little skeleton, over which we watched night and day, expecting every little gasping breath—drawn with such difficulty—to be the last; and, later on, bending down with a cold, cold chill striking to our hearts, as we vainly sought to detect the slightest breath upon our cheeks. Long, long weary hours were those, so full of bitterness and reproach, during which I saw the dark lines grow darker beneath some one's eyes, and the lines deeper in her forehead, as she sat and seemed to blame herself for trusting her little treasures so much to other hands. Treasures, indeed, and never dearer than in those terrible times when it seems to the conscience-stricken heart that it has been unworthy of its trust, and the tiny lamp of life committed to its charge is to be taken away, and placed in a safer vessel, where it needs no sheltering hand.

But there came a change; for your babe that is dying to-day may be smiling in your face to-morrow; and, thank God, we nursed our sufferer back to health—*we*, for he was touched by no other hands, our dwelling knowing Jane no more.

Perhaps she did not deserve all we heard, but perhaps we did not hear all, so Jane's account is pretty evenly balanced, no doubt, and by degrees we learned that pretty often when the smooth-spoken young lady went out of a morning, she used to take the children straight to a labourer's cottage about a mile away, pay the woman sixpence, and leave them in her charge while fair Jane went straight to Brighton. At other times she would leave them with other people, making the excuse that she had to go into Brighton upon an errand, while upon the day I saw her enjoying herself at the hotel and sipping champagne, my little ones had been placed, lamb like, in a lonely field, and strictly ordered not to stray till Nurse Jane came back. What terrible nursery penalties had been promised should they disobey, Jane only knows; suffice it that they had sat in the wet grass with their little fingers full of the flowers they had picked, their clothes saturated and covered with mud, patiently waiting for their shepherdess. But we never knew the whole truth, and perhaps it is just as well.

G. MANVILLE FENN

## DEDICATIONS

DR. JOHNSON, in his criticism of one of Dryden's plays called the *State of Innocence and Fall of Man*, is much displeased with its dedication. It is, he says, addressed to the Princess of Modena, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, which it is wonderful that any man who knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation. But it was the excess rather than the falsehood of the flattery which disgusted the good doctor. He was himself accustomed to write dedications with very little regard to their appropriateness. "Sir," he said, on one occasion, "I have dedicated to the whole Royal Family all round." It was a species of courtly composition, according to his biographer, in which Johnson excelled. But there was this peculiarity about him, that he never wrote dedications for himself. It was the "loftiness of his mind," in the opinion of Boswell, which prevented him doing in his own person what he was so willing to do for others. In their case he thought these initiatory addresses admitted of considerable licence. He compared them with a lawyer's pleading, in which the time-honoured forensic rule is that an advocate in the interests of his client is not inconveniently tied to telling the truth. Dedications in the time of Johnson, and long before him, were little else than begging-letters. Some few were matters of mere courtesy, the great majority represented interested calculation. These latter set in charming moral relief the cupidity of the author and the vanity of the patron. The old highwayman, with his pistol in his hand, cried to the unlucky traveller, "Stand and deliver." The old author, armed with another weapon, proceeded in another manner. Holding up a big book before the face of his victim, he proposed the dedication of it to him. He addressed him in the politest language, he fed him to the full with flattery's perfumed honey. But the victim, unless very green and young in the world's ways, discovered at once the danger of his position, and felt the thorn beneath the rose. He recognised his assailant as that dreadful monster the literary dun. He knew that his good words must be paid for in golden guineas. Pale as death he fumbled at his purse strings, while the dedicatory offered to him life everlasting.

There was a fixed price for dedications, differing at different periods, but this was frequently increased or diminished by private negotiation. The two parties not unfrequently haggled for half an hour as to the fair price of a favourite article, of courage, for example, or of integrity, of justice, or of truth. Several minor virtues were often sold in one lot for an old song. High birth and honour went for a hot dinner or a worn out coat. Sometimes a man got his praise cheaper by stipulating that it might be retracted in case of his death. The vendor usually showed his stock-in-trade, which consisted of forms of varying length and energy of adulation. Blanks were left to be filled in with the name of the purchaser. If the latter had just married a wife, there was a form ready for the occasion, in which the gracious and beautiful or the fairest and virtuous lady was described at length. If he had lately lost some relative, the Muses shed in another form the fit amount of tears for the loss of that excellent kinsman. And in yet another form, if a child had been born unto him, were to be found the newest, the most artistic, the most fashionable of congratulations on that event. Occasionally a very unfair advantage was taken of one party to the contract. The patron, dissatisfied with his bargain, because of the absence of some virtue which he supposed would have been thrown in to bind the sale, wrote a dedication to himself, such as his soul longed for, and subscribed it with the name of the author. This may explain some of the excellent qualities attributed on the first pages of books to our worthy ancestors. The plan, however, was not common, it was held to be disingenuous, and characterised in the language of the palmy days of dedications as a "bite."

A very few of the few who attempt to read at the present time the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser will bestow more than an idle glance on his dedicatory verses, all of exactly the same measure and length, to those numerous ladies and gentlemen, beginning with Sir Christopher Hatton and ending with the Lady Carew, whose names are, with their due amount of adulatory rhymes, set in the very front and van of his immortal poem. The admirer of Chapman's "Homer" feels but a faint and lukewarm interest in that most gracious Duke of Lennox, that most worthy Earl of Salisbury, that most learned Earl of Northampton, or any one of that round remaining dozen of most virtue-gracing and heroic lords and ladies, of all of whom such sweet things are said in the opening pages of the translation of the "Odyssey"—nay, more, he sickens at the exuberant eulogy of that "happy star, discovered in our Sydenham asterism, that comfort of learning, and sphere of all the virtues," the Lady Wrothe herself, though he would gladly know at what exact figure this panegyric was ticketed, and turns with a sigh of relief and a sense of the fitness of things to the superbly engraved title-page on which he finds the imprint of Nathaniel Butter.

Dedicatory fees must be got somehow. Addison dedicated his opera of "Rosamond" to the Duchess of Marlborough, who knew

about as much of music and poetry as her husband of Greek, to whom Joshua Barnes dedicated his edition of Anacreon. There is a noble impartiality of conduct in this, which reminds us of the shepherd in "Hudibras," who set the same mark on the hip of his sound and scabby sheep. It is difficult to determine whether the authors were not in nine-tenths of their dedications complimenting themselves in disguise, or by a refined satire praising their patrons for virtues and talents in which they were notoriously deficient. Though this explanation relieves our old writers from the charge of fulsome panegyric, we must yet take from their innocence the credit we give to their ingenuity, and the patrons at times had their revenge. Tasso we know dedicated his "Jerusalem" in the most pompous terms of politeness to the Duke of Ferrara, who recompensed him later on by putting him in prison for a madman.

JAMES MEW

## CHAUCER'S BIRDS

AT the very birth of poetry intended for the English, as opposed to the French songs and stories of the higher classes and the Latin of lawyers and clergy in the fourteenth century, it is singular that the delight in Nature which is so generally characteristic of modern English verse should thus early appear. Chaucer's love of spring, of flowers, and of the daisy especially, has often been noted. He was equally fond of the birds of field or shaw; and he does not merely introduce them into his verses by way of illustration, or with a literary intent, as did Pope and Dryden in the two last centuries, but dwells upon them with genuine delight in their songs and habits, as Scott or the Laureate have since done. In more than one point he anticipates that exceeding interest in Nature which the present age has displayed so wonderfully. He celebrates the minstrels of Lorraine:—

For in Lorraine their notis be  
Full sweit than in this contré.  
*Romaunt of the Rose.*

But no singers are to be compared to the tenants of his own gardens and woodlands:—

Full faire service & eke full swete,  
These birdes madin as thei sete;  
Layis of love full well souning  
Thei singin in ther jargonis,  
Some hie & some eke lowe yong  
Upon the braunchis grene isprong;  
The sweteesse of ther melodie  
Made all mine herte in revelrie.—*Ditto.*

Chaucer seems in May to have been almost inebriated with the songs of his favourites and the beauty of Nature. A charming passage at the beginning of the "Romaunt of the Rose" speaks of the birds breaking into song after the rigours of winter; the nightingale, the chelandre, and the popinjay (goldfinch and jay) doing their best

To makin noise and singen bliués.

How they affected the poet soon appears:—

Harde is his herte that loveth nought,  
In Mey, when all this mirth is wrought.

May, indeed, is the month of months to this lover of awakening Nature, he is never weary of celebrating its delights:—

Maye, with all thy flowers & thy grene,  
Right welcome be thou, fair freshe May.  
*Knight's Tale.*

Here is another reminiscence of spring:—

The birdes singen, it is no nay,  
The sperhawk and the popingay,  
That joye it was to here;  
The throstel cok make eke his lay,  
The wode dove upon the spray  
He sang! loude and clere.

And Sir Thopas "fell in love longing" as he listened, with a grey goshawk on his wrist, to the sweet choir. In "The Assembled of Fowles" again Chaucer says:

On every bough the birdis herd I syng  
With voice of angell in their harmonie  
That busied them ther birdis forthie to bryng.

He introduces Nature, reminding them that by immemorial statute on St. Valentine's Day all birds ought to choose their mates, and then occurs a most striking enumeration of English birds of the poet's time, interesting not merely to the student of Chaucer, who would enter into the sights and sounds which must have evoked the poet's glee, but also to the naturalist. The latter will find in this list all the chief birds which men knew by sight or name in the fourteenth century. In the "Boke of St. Alban's," not written for a century after Chaucer's time, *apropos* of nothing, there is a very curious woodcut of sea and land birds sporting themselves by the shore of a great water, as Homer makes his birds scream and preen themselves on the banks of the Caster. We have often thought that the artist was inspired by the opening stanza of Chaucer's enumeration here. At all events the one will serve as an apt illustration for the other:

The foulis of ravine  
Were highest set, and then the foulis smalle,  
That etin as their nature would incline  
As worne a thing of which I tell no tale,  
And waterfoule sate lowest in the dale,  
And foulis that liveth by sede sate on the grene,  
And that so fele [many] that wondir was to sene.

First, of course, comes the "roiall egle," which, "with his sharpe loke persith the son" (Tennyson's "close to the sun in lonely lands"); of falcons appeared "the tirant with his fethers done and grene, I mene the goshawk," which was a special favourite with falconers in the poet's time. Three or four lines exactly describe the other hawks which were held in most esteem:

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth  
The King's hand, the hardie sperhawk eke,  
The qualis' foe the merlion that paineth  
Hymself full oft the lark for to seke.

Then follow the "jealous swan, the outh, the crane, the thief the chough, the scornynge jaie, the ele's foe the heroune, the false lapwing, alle full of trecherie, the starling, the tamè ruddock (redbreast), the coward kite, the cocke that horloge is of thropes lite" (little villages), "the sparrow, nightingale, swalowe, murder of the beis smale (small flies), turtell, peckoce, fesaunt, gosse, cuckowe, popingeie (woodpecker?), drake, storke, comeraunt, the ravin wise, crowe, throstill, feldefare." Several of these birds have epithets or superstitions attached to them which we omit; yet which are many of them of extreme interest. Thus the green plover is called "the false lapwing, alle full of trecherie;" the general belief is that this bird acquired this evil character from its cries betraying the Covenanters in Scotland to the dragoons, but here it has obtained its unenviable reputation some three centuries previously. Again, the cormorant "full of glotonie," reminds us of Milton's Satan, who, in "Paradise Lost," is likened to that bird. Of course, the old fable of the swan singing its own death-song is not forgotten, nor can the owl escape the charge "that it of deth the bode out bringeth."

In another passage Love is set among the following birds which fly round him, nightingales "a full grete rout;" "popingale," chelandre (goldfinch), "wodewale" (green woodpecker), "inche larke, archangel" (titmouse). Indeed, Milton himself does not celebrate the nightingale more than our poet. He speaks of a man who "slep no more than a nightingale;" and of being "merier" than this bird, and again "the nyghtingale, his amorous notis lo! how he twynith small." But the finest use which he makes of this





THE STORMING OF TEL-EL-KEBIR—JUST BEFORE SUNRISE, SEPTEMBER 13  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



bird, so dear to all poets, is to compare its shy song, soft and low at first, and then breaking out into a burst of melodious gladness, to the gradual blossoming of the fair and false Cressida's love for Troilus:—

As the newe abashed nightingale  
That stineth first, when she beginneth sing,  
When that she herien any herdis' tale,  
Or in the hedgis any wight stering,  
And aftr sikir doeth her voice outring  
Right so Cresseide, &c.

Another "charm of birds" is to be found in the "Romaunt of the Rose." "alpes" (bullfinches), "finches, wodewalls, turtels, lauerokes" (larks), "chelaundres" (goldfinches), "throsteles, terins" (?), mavises:

Soche swete song as was 'hem emong,  
That me thought it no birdis' song,  
But it was wondrous like to be  
Song of meremaides of the se.

When Canace's hawk is ill in the "Squiere's Tale" her proceedings are curious:—

By hire heddes hed she made a mew (cage)  
And covered it with velouettes blew,  
In signe of trouth that is in woman sene,  
And all without the mew is peinte grene,  
In which were peinte all thise false foules  
As ben the tidifis, tercelettes, & owles,  
And pies.

This "mew," by the way, would make an excellent ornament to introduce in the paintings and tapestries of this æsthetic age. Indeed, a cunning painter might represent the lady and her hawk, and thus complete the tale of him who

Left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold.

As for the hawk—

A faucon peregrine semed she.

In the "Plowman's Tale" a "pellicane" is introduced, which

Began to preche  
Bothe of mercie & of mekenesse.

With it appears "a griffon of a grimme stature" and many brown birds, which are taken as symbols of the ravening monks in the poet's days—"ravens, rokes, crowis and pies, gledis and bosarces" (kites and buzzards), "and lapwings that wel conith lie." A "phoenix stoute" is also brought upon the scene which is in these points dimly suggestive of a chapter of "Alice in Wonderland." Turning to single birds, what can be more expressive than the simile to which the poet compares the gleeful pardoner? He was "as glad as any goldfinch." Another is "as joly as a pie." How admirable, too, is the picture which the poet paints of "the poure widowes" cock:

His combe was redder than the fin corall,  
Embattelid as it were a castel wall;  
His bill was black & as the jet it shone,  
Like asure were his legges & his tone (toes)  
His nailes whiter than the flour  
And like the burned gold was his colour.

Hondekoeter himself could not have limned a nobler creature. His acquirements as a time-measurer were equally excellent.

In all the land of crowing n'as his pere;  
His vois was merier than the mery orgon  
On masse daies that in the churche gon;  
Wel siker (truer) was his crowing in his loge  
Than is a klok or any abbey orloge.

But we have written enough to induce those fond of our native birds to read Chaucer. There may be found many noticeable superstitions about birds, quaint beliefs and scraps of folk-lore connected with him which we have not entered into, but which will well reward the literary ornithologist who dips into the "Canterbury Tales," and especially the long and somewhat dreary "Romaunt of the Rose." The cuckoo is always represented by Chaucer as a profane and peculiarly godless bird, albeit so constant a lover of his favourite month, May. We will conclude by pointing out an amusing passage which ends the "Court of Love," if, indeed, this really be Chaucer's writing. But, in any case, the different birds are there represented, without conscious irreverence, as attending a solemn service in honour of Cupid, the Lord of Love. The eagle sings the Venite, the wren reads the First, the redbreast the Second Lesson, and so forth. "Thus sang they al the service of the feste." The cuckoo ends with the Benedictus, and then, true to his character:

A laughir oute he braste  
I thanke it God that I should ende the song,  
And al the service whiche hath been so long.

M. G. WATKINS

## OUR RAILS

"RAILWAYS," says Carlyle, "have set all the towns of Britain a-dancing," and to the rails themselves is due much of the credit. The "two parallel bars," once of iron, now almost always steel, with the width between them defined at first by the ordinary width between the wheels of a cart,—these two bars are, perhaps, more than any other the signs of civilisation and of progress.

Not a hundred years ago, in the birthplace of the railway system, the produce of the coal-pits was brought down by horses in waggons to the shipping rivers. In 1794, cast-iron rails were used in part on the rail-way at Walbottle, and gradually in the North they replaced the wooden tramways that had been laid down in some parts to lessen the labour of the horses and to increase their power. But just as they replaced oak and beech, the cast-iron rails gave place to malleable iron, and these have in their turn given place to a yet more enduring form of the metal. The oldest method limited the amount that could be conveyed even at the maximum cost; the introduction of wooden tramways increased the efficiency and lessened the cost; by iron rails there was made possible a further reduction and a greater efficiency; and now cheap and durable steel rails add to the smoothness and ease of travel, and further reduce the burden of replacement to the owners.

When, close upon seventy years ago, George Stephenson went to Killingworth as engineer, there were rails in use,—the material being cast iron, the lengths of each about three feet, and of strength sufficient to bear a load of four tons. About two years later malleable iron rails began to be used; and when in 1820 the promoters of the first public railway—the Stockton and Darlington—had to decide as to the material, malleable iron rails, of Birkenhead's patent, 28 lbs. per yard, were recommended by Stephenson; and, after consultation with engineers, it was decided that the largest part of the railway should be laid with malleable iron rails, and a smaller part with cast iron. These ancient rails, as they were laid down either on stone blocks or wooden sleepers, were "fish-bellied" in section, and were shown in original antiquity at the time of the Railway Jubilee, with the first locomotive raised upon them. Gradually the length of the rail was increased; its form was altered, the old flat-bottomed rail giving place to the double-headed one, capable of being turned when one side was worn; and these types, though still used extensively, giving place in some instances to the shape preferred by many railway engineers—that of the "bull-headed" rail, common on many of the lines where traffic is great; and the weight has also been increased until 80 lbs. per yard and over is known instead of the original third of the weight.

By use and long experiments the suitability and the longer "life"

of the steel rail has been proved, and its growing cheapness is causing it rapidly to supplant its predecessor in the less durable metal. No exact statement of the length of the "life" of the two kinds can be given, for the position, the weight of the traffic, and it has been contended the speed also, affect the "life," and possibly it may be true that, with rails as with men, it is the pace that kills. But one of the authorities on railway matters has ventured to put the respective duration into figures that are startling. Mr. Price Williams, at a meeting of one of the learned societies, some time ago, stated that whilst an ordinary iron rail would carry over it, before needing replacement, 17,500,000 tons, the endurance of a Bessemer steel rail was equal to the carriage of not less than 161,000,000 tons. It may be said, for the benefit of the non-technical reader, that steel is made in different methods—by fusion in crucibles, as in the old Sheffield style; by fusion on the open hearth of a furnace, as in the Siemens-Martin process; and on a yet more extensive scale by the now common process of blowing air through melted cast iron, invented by and called after Bessemer.

It is by this latter—the Bessemer—process that the great bulk of our rails are made, and it is by the enlarged and especially the cheapened production of steel by it that the railways are able to procure the vast quantities of rails that they need for extension and renewal. Before that invention, cast steel was produced to the extent of 51,000 tons in Great Britain, and the cost was about 50% per ton; now of Bessemer steel rails Great Britain alone makes over a million tons yearly, and the United States has passed this country in the race of production; whilst the selling price of the rails is here little more than one-tenth of what it was thirty years ago.

The manufacture of these essentials to safe railway travel is one that is wonderful in all its parts. Sheffield, Tees-side, South Wales, and Barrow—most of them the seats of the manufacture of the old and painfully puddled iron rails—are the chief centres of production. The ore may be the rich pure ore of Furness or West Cumberland, or that equally pure brought from Spain and Elba, or, in a later adaptation of the Bessemer process, the abundant but impure ores, such as those of North Yorkshire, may be used. These ores are conveyed to huge smelting furnaces where, with coke for fuel, aided by super-heated air, and with some flux, the iron is liquefied and partly purified from earthen and other impurities. Issuing thence, it may be cooled into "pigs," and afterwards re-melted, or pass in its fluid state at once to the "converter." In these enormous vessels, holding from two tons to fifteen, the work of purification continues, and that of conversion from iron to "steel" is effected. These egg-shaped vessels, now differently lined according to the quality of the iron to be converted, rise in height to twenty-four feet, and to a diameter of over ten feet. The fluid metal, hot from the smelting furnace, or the melting cupola, is poured in; a fierce blast is blown through, possibly at a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch; and the impurities in the iron are oxidised, and carried away as gas or slag. "A hailing fount of fire" is sent out with a fierce and bright flame, which, during the minutes of the "blow," lights the earth far and near; and speedily the "steel" is poured from the converter into an immense ladle, and thence into the ingot moulds. When the metal is solidified, and whilst it retains much of its heat, the ingot mould is raised, and each ingot, now a dull red, is carried by a miniature locomotive to heating furnaces, where the lost heat is restored, and the remaining work is that of rolling out under enormous rolls, through which as it passes it is lengthened out till at the finishing rolls it is a long and straight rail, ruddy in colour, and headed according to the preference of the railway engineer. Passing on and cooling, its rough ends are shorn, and it is punched, tested, straightened, and then is ready to send to its destined use—a long railway bar, grooved, headed, branded, in its passage of possibly a few hours from a heap of ore.

Thus, then, a century has seen oak and beech supplanted by short pieces of cast iron, the latter give place to malleable iron, which gradually was lengthened, strengthened, and altered in shape as experience suggested, then "steel" rails made from pure, rich, iron ores took their place; and now the least pure ores are by the dephosphorising process made available; and the bulk of the wants of a world-wide area are supplied by less than a hundred converters in Great Britain. Each rail that bears its burden on errands of business or pleasure has had its origin in the iron mines, and drawn thence, enshrouded in earthen impurities, the ores of iron have passed through costly furnaces, through converters as costly, and through rolling mills where all the resources of air, fire, and water are brought into play to effect the reduction of labour, and to bring the crude lump into the long-drawn-out rail. To the early ore coal and lime are brought; from the impure pig silicon and other constituents are "blown"; an iron rich in manganese—"spiegel" or mirror iron"—is added, and a tenacious and enduring rail is the final outcome of a series of wonderful processes, which vary from the gloom of the deep dark mine to the full blaze of the Bessemer fire; and that outcome is the support of the great system of traffic and travel whose movements are so vast and ponderous that, like the classical army, "as they march their footing shakes the ground."

J. W. STEEL

## LAUGHTER

MUST sunny laughter be accused of selfishness? Do we laugh, for the most part, because we are fallen sons of Adam irritated at our neighbours' good fortune, and elated when dignity topples and grave seniors look like fools? Apart from the laughter which proceeds from mere exuberance of animal spirits, or from physical tickling, which is irrepressible in healthy children, and of which traces have been noticed even among apes and monkeys, it will be found that a great deal of the laughter of the world is in accordance with the analysis of it given by Hobbes and Quintilian. Laughter, says Hobbes, is a sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves compared with the infirmity of others or of our own formerly. Quintilian thought that a saying that caused laughter was based on some false reasoning or play upon words, and was never honourable to the subject of it. "Resemblances give great scope to jests, and especially resemblances to something meaner or of less consideration." Now when we attempt to analyse the cause of laughter as it is produced in us by our wits and humorists, it would appear as if it were closely connected with a levelling-down process, which, by comparison, makes ourselves look higher. The levelling-down process must not be too serious, else fear or sympathy would be the result. We should not laugh at a man falling through the ice into water beyond his depth, but when the grave and decorous Pickwick takes his first slide and tumbles at last, after ever so much straddling and curving, we are amused at the philosopher being as ignorant of technical skill as the child.

The sudden, but not serious, degradation of dignity inherent in much that is humorous is well illustrated by the jokes at the expense of oddities in personal appearance. These oddities are of course exaggerated, as in the effigy of an obnoxious individual which is carried about with hilarious shouts. The dignity of a strong-willed mistress is seriously affected by the shape of her nose or the pattern of her gown, if these happen to deviate from the ideal types of beauty or fashion, and she will not fail to hear of it when the temper of her servants is aroused. The habits, no less than the shape of our nasal organ, which lends itself to the shafts of ridicule owing no doubt to its performing certain vulgar duties, as we all know when we have a cold in the head, are also subjects of jest, as when Dickens informs us that Uriah Heep winked with his nose. Here an action, decorous enough when thought of in connection with the eye, becomes incongruous and comic when

related in thought to a less-lauded feature. It is a common trick of the nursery stories to represent rich, harsh dowagers with squinting eyes, toothless gums, nose and chin almost meeting, and tottering steps. By doing so they laugh away the awe inspired by costume and social standing which elevates the class. Even Carlyle does not escape an opportunity of turning into ridicule the loyalty of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his mantle in the mud before the lofty Maiden Queen that her shoes might go unsoiled, by asking whether at that period she was red-painted on the nose and white-painted on the cheeks, as her tire-women, when from spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in the glass, were wont to serve her.

Perhaps from being such a social drudge, the thumb has got attention chiefly from the comic writers, while the fingers are solely spoken of by the amorous poets, or gently handled by the jewellers. When a person fumbles awkwardly we attempt to degrade his fingers by telling him they are all thumbs. Every reader of the "Mill on the Floss" must have been tickled when Aunt Glegg learned the breadth of Bob Jakins' thumb, and at Bob's private reason why it was so broad. Neither Dickens nor George Eliot can resist the mirth common to the childhood of nations, and which is produced by allusions to personal deformity, especially when it belongs to one dreaded for cunning or energy. Silas Wegg had a wooden leg, and George Eliot's lady with the cork leg was awfully 'cute, and got her eight per cent. first go off. "Bucks her name is, she doesn't live in this town."

That degradation of ideals, within certain limits, is a funny process is also plain from the many anecdotes and proverbs which mark a momentary escape from the stern sense of duty and serious feeling awakened within us by the mysteries of religion. Just as school-children incline to draw caricatures of their taskmasters, so clergymen, churches, and texts become targets for pellets of wit. Clergymen themselves, whose surplices are worn so decorously, and whose gravity of countenance is without relaxation on Sunday, give way to roars of laughter at table on Monday, when their white tie becomes a white choker, and when it is shown that vulgar and unexpected meanings are often attached to texts and ceremonies by zealous but ignorant members of the flock. Take for illustration the following anecdote, which so far as we know is new. Metal tokens are distributed among the communicants in Scotch churches, which are delivered back to the elders when the communicants are seated, before partaking of the Eucharistic bread and wine. The fashion was that only a limited number of communicants were served at a time, as there was, and in some places still is, a succession of tables, so that there was frequently a gentle squeeze to get into the first table. One neophyte who had read, engraved on his metal token, 1 Cor. xi. 23, a reference to the Scriptural authority for the institution, squeezed more than was decorous, and when remonstrated with, replied that he must get forward, for his token told him he was in the first corps. Those who have been tickled at the relation of this anecdote no doubt felt, as Hobbes has put it, a sudden exaltation at their acuteness when compared to a fellow Christian so crass; but there is also mixed with it a feeling of momentary ease at being able to go so near talking about a serious subject without the usual fetters. Of the same kidney are jests about graces. Lamb asks why we should only say a grace before meat, and not one before reading Milton or Shakespeare, or why thanks should be given for a splendid repast by the rich, to whom it has become almost a bore. The Puritanical clergyman is represented as saying grace before the first and only kiss which sealed his betrothal, and the Scotch Peden, most austere of Covenanters, only laughed twice, one of these solitary giggles being at a child who reproved the pudding at the fire for making a noise while the holy man was uttering a grace.

The degradation of the majesty or loveliness of nature by suggesting some resemblance to what is mean or vulgar, as when Byron compares the colours of the rainbow to a black eye in a recent scuffle, or Butler says of the dawn that it is turning from black to red, like a lobster when boiled, may not be so very irreligious after all, when we recollect the exaggerated, half-sincere adulation frequently bestowed on the beautiful by those who pose as its admirers. The divine art of poetry—the bosom labouring with the inspiring god—is brought to the level of a mechanical trade when we are told that—

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

When a picture is called a pot-boiler, or an organ a chest of whistles, or Chaucer's poems a dangerous book for a weak speller, we are tickled at the dishonourable resemblance. Carlyle in his eloquent diatribe against the Italian Opera calls Coletti's singing the Cleopatra's pearl flung into Prince Mahogany's claret cup, and compares Cerito the dancer to a pair of mad scissors, to an india-rubber figure enveloped in a muslin saucer, to a vortex, and to a bag of hydrogen gas. Of course every poetaster, every dabber with paint, every indifferent singer or dancer—and these make up the majority—feel, in sayings like these, a sudden glory arising from some eminency in themselves in comparison with the infirmity of others.

Yet by no means would we put a veto on these "deep inspirations" followed by spasmodic contractions of the chest, to that opened mouth with its corners drawn up and back," which gives joy alike to the heart of friend and lover. Laughter may often be selfish enough; but it is, for the most part, a genuine expression of conscious power.

There is no harm that youth should be conscious of its beauty, or that a tidy girl should be aware that she is tidy. The latter case arouses the wholesome impulse of competition which inclines the slatternly to pull up. How often has laziness become arduous and indifference enthusiasm from the fear of ridicule? Nevertheless, life is so serious that to be a hero, either as prophet, priest, or king, requires that merriment should be relegated to narrow areas. Laughter is most musical when it comes from the throats of the young. Some laughter is like the discordant sounds from reptiles, and the sense of superiority which it betrays is not far removed from the tiger's growl over its prey. Homer's heroes laughed inextinguishably, and to the Greeks belongs the crown of comedy. There is little laughter in Israel. Yet the stern Jews and Romans moulded the religion and laws of the world. The most impracticable of modern enthusiasts sings—

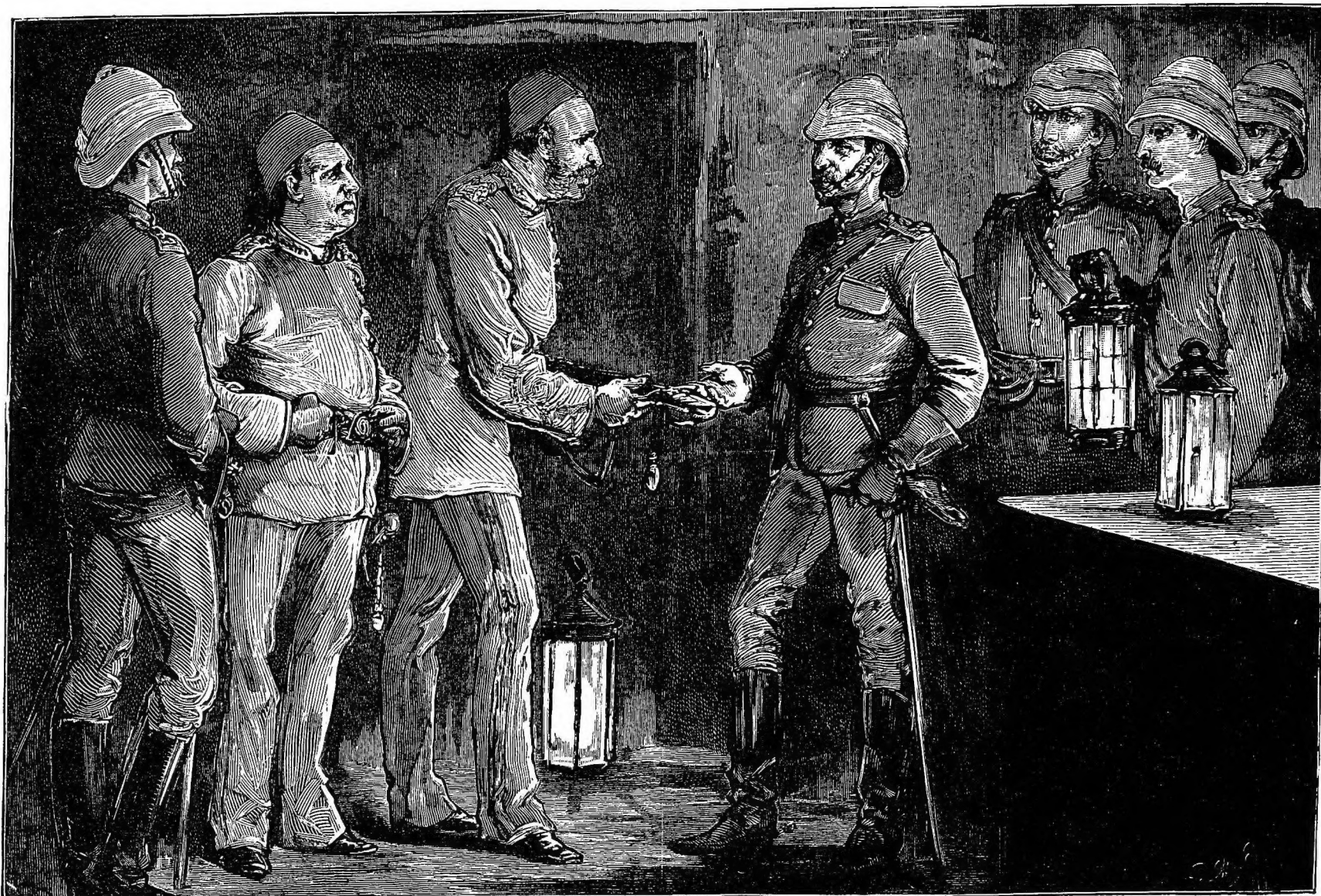
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught.

In a planet in which so many cries are those of agony or of triumph, laughter is melodious compared to the shout, the scream, or the growl, which seems its equivalent in the animal world, throughout which the fight for existence is so hard and incessant that no bright bird, no timid fawn, no majestic lion, has yet learned to laugh.

J. S.

THE RECKLESS DESTRUCTION OF TREES IN THE UNITED STATES is fast beginning to tell on the supply of timber, and the Government have announced that the white pine forests will be completely exhausted in ten years' time. Little attention is paid to any warnings, however, and in California one of the handsomest trees—the chestnut-oak—is being almost eradicated, owing to its yielding the only native bark suitable for tanning leather. The trunks are peeled, and then left to decay, so that whole districts are ruined. Meanwhile the Government are trying to repair the evil by planting young trees, and 93,000 acres in Kansas have been set with cotton-wood and walnut trees. It is hoped that this plan will in time relieve the Kansas climate of its extreme dryness.





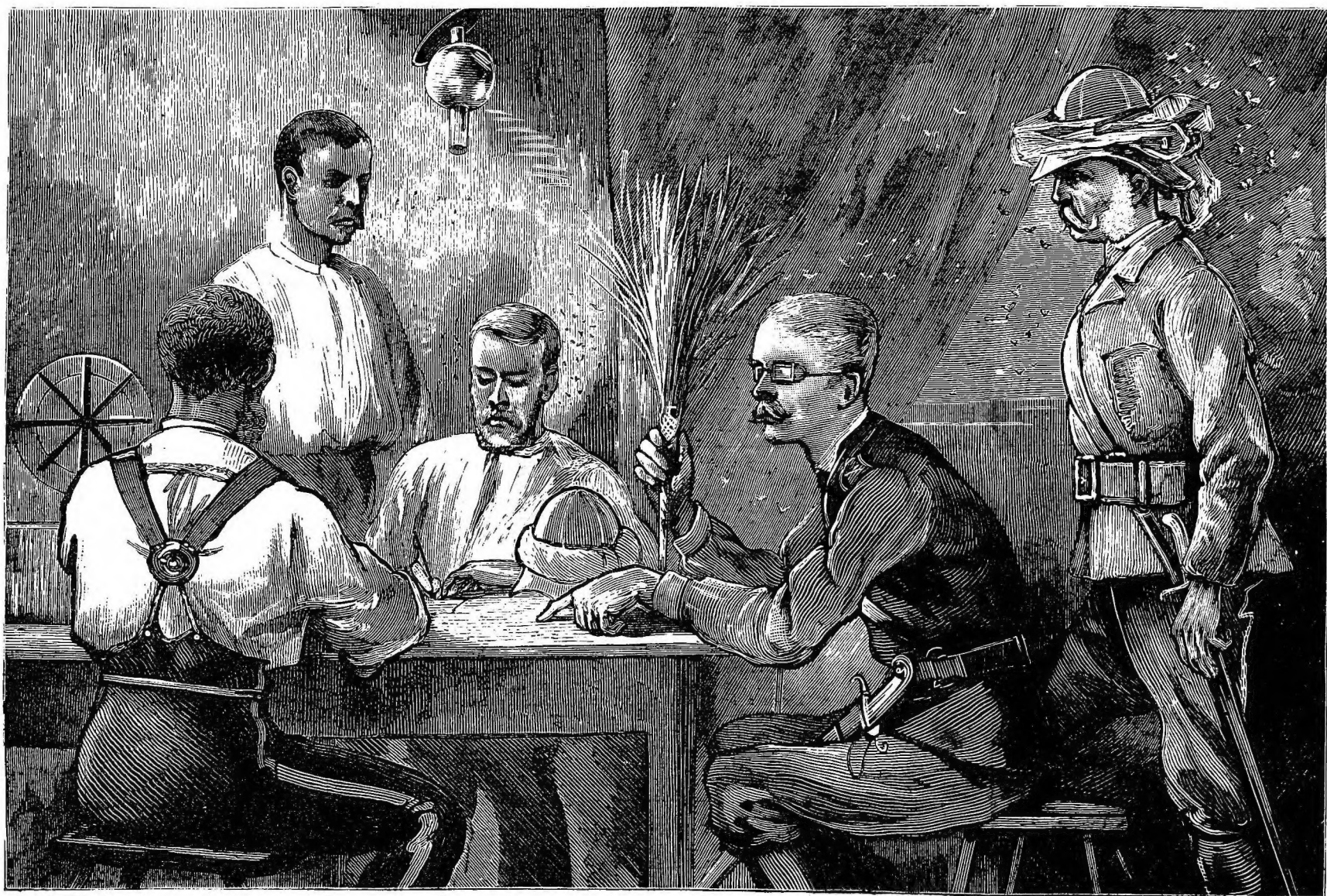
Colonel Stuart

Toulba Pasha

Arabi Pasha

General Drury Lowe

THE SURRENDER OF ARABI PASHA TO GENERAL DRURY LOWE AT ABASSIYEH, SEPTEMBER 14



Sir Garnet Wolseley

Sir John Adye

THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY DESPATCHING TELEGRAMS FROM THE RAILWAY STATION, TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13

# THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON